

The Sketch

No. 741.—Vol. LVII.

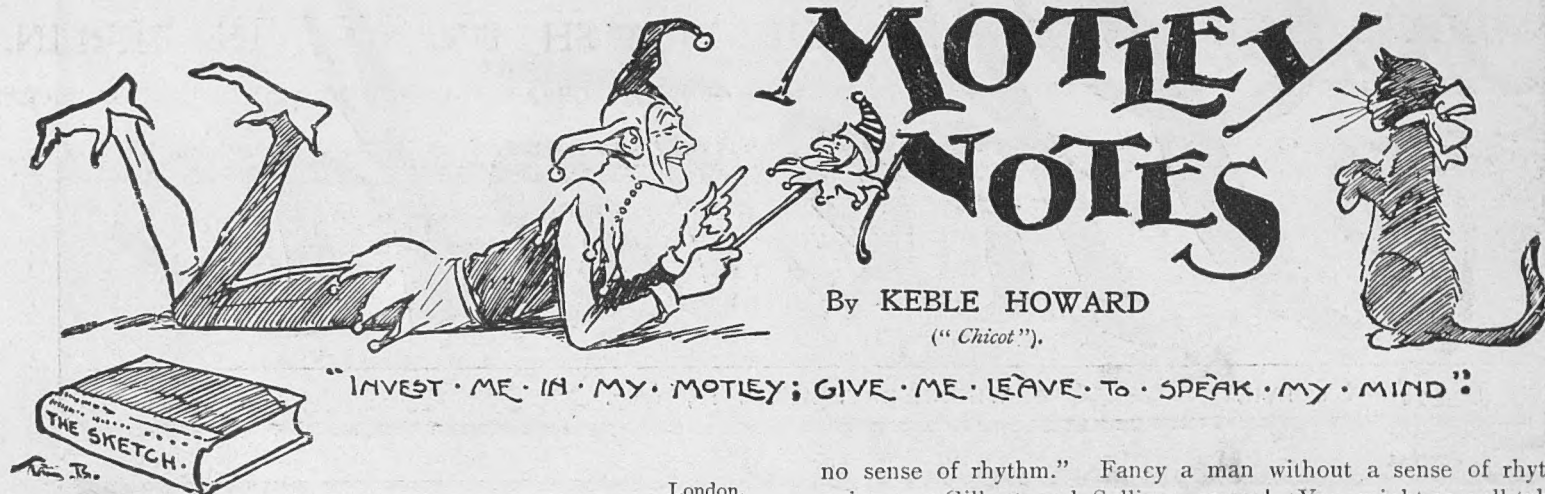
WEDNESDAY, APRIL 10, 1907.

SIXPENCE.



REPRESENTATIVE OF THE BRITISH DRAMA IN BERLIN: MR. BEERBOHM TREE AS DEMETRIUS
IN "THE RED LAMP."

Mr. Tree's short season at the New Royal Opera House in Berlin is to begin on Friday next, the 12th. If present arrangements hold good, the first play produced will be "Richard II." This will be followed by "The Merry Wives of Windsor" and "The Man Who Was," "Twelfth Night," "Hamlet" (played without scenery), "Antony and Cleopatra," and "Trilby." The Kaiser is likely to attend several of the premières. [Photograph by Burford.]



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"

London.

A Grievance of Importance.

This time, at any rate, I have a real grievance. If you take the trouble to read this paragraph, friend the reader, I know you will sympathise. We have all suffered. This is my grievance. On Thursday evening of last week I was bidden to the Savoy Theatre. The occasion was the revival of "Patience," my favourite Gilbert-Sullivan opera. I settled down in my seat, fully prepared for an evening of sheer delight. All went well until the entrance of the Dragoons. Then, to my astonishment, the floor beneath my feet began to shake. The shaking was regular, not spasmodic. At first I attributed this curiously unpleasant sensation to imagination. Then I put it down to liver. Next I blamed the big drum. But, as it happened, the beat-beat that was causing me so much discomfort came just a little after the beat-beat of the big drum. What could be the cause? On my left sat a very old lady. She was quite composed, and, apparently, rather deaf. At least, she had one hand to her ear. I turned to the man on my right. "Could you tell me," I asked politely, "what is the reason of that curious beating sensation somewhere in our immediate neighbourhood?" "Look behind you," was the laconic reply. I did so. Just behind me sat a stout, middle-aged man. His eyes were fixed on the Dragoons. And, with one foot, he was vigorously beating time to the music.

Just After the Big Drum.

He was enjoying himself, of course, enormously. Presently we came to the refrain—

Take of these elements all that is fusible,
Melt them all down in a pipkin or crucible;
Set them to simmer, and take off the scum,
And a Heavy Dragoon is the residuum!

The Dragoons, you will remember, form into double line on that; the band swells; the theatre is filled with the martial spirit. The stout man showed his appreciation in a marked way. He positively stamped—always with his eyes on the Dragoons, and always just the fraction of a second behind the big drum. The dust began to rise. (There is always a little dust in a thick carpet, even in the best-regulated theatres.) I coughed, but he took no notice. As a matter of fact, I don't think he had the slightest idea that I was looking at him. He was fascinated by those marching men in red, the crash of the music, and the thud-thud-thud of the big drum. What was I to do? What could I do? What would you have done, friend the reader? I had not the heart to mar his pleasure by asking him to stop stamping. All the other seats were full. I realised that I must resign myself to an evening of time-beating—always a little late.

The Old Lady Coughs.

A merciful patch of dialogue came to my aid. The dust, feeling itself superfluous, tried to settle. The stout man seemed bored. He tried his level best to beat time to—

Mystic poet, hear our prayer,
Twenty love-sick maidens we—
Young and wealthy, dark and fair—
And we die for love of thee!

but he had to give it up as a hopeless job. I began to hope that he would get bored and go out. No luck! Boom-boom-boom! "When I first put this uniform on," sang the Colonel, and the Thing was at it again, as gaily and unflaggingly as you please. The old lady coughed. The dust, I suppose, was getting down her poor throat. "Isn't it horrible?" I said to the man on my right. "I rather like it," he replied. "What? The stamping?" "Oh, I thought you meant the piece." "No; the stamping. You don't like that, do you?" "Oh," he said, "I don't mind much; I've

no sense of rhythm." Fancy a man without a sense of rhythm going to a Gilbert and Sullivan opera! You might as well take a blind man to the Royal Academy. The stout creature, anyhow, had a sense of rhythm. Too much of it. But he *would* not keep up with the drum.

A Drastic Measure.

During the interval he went to the bar and drank brandy. He was tired, no doubt. I was sorry, though, to see him drinking brandy. I knew what would happen. When we came to "A magnet hung in a hardware shop," he would get right through the carpet and on to the boards. . . . Now, what is to be done with people of this sort? You can't refuse them admission. The clerk in the box-office could hardly be expected to tell by a man's chin whether he is or is not a time-beater. There is no doubt, however, that the time-beater spoils the performance for at least a dozen people. I would suggest, then, that the management of the Savoy, and the management of all theatres where musical plays are enacted, should place a notice in a prominent place that reads as follows—

YOU ARE URGENTLY REQUESTED NOT TO BEAT TIME.

Beneath this, in slightly smaller type, I should add—

THE ATTENDANTS HAVE STRICT INJUNCTIONS TO
PUT A STOP TO TIME-BEATING BY STRAPPING
THE HANDS OF THE OFFENDER BEHIND HIS BACK
AND PASSING ANOTHER STRAP BENEATH HIS KNEES
AND FASTENING IT AT THE BACK OF THE NECK.
By Order.

Yet One More Warning.

The passion for publicity gets more people into trouble, I suppose, than drink, temper, or poverty. Some men cannot live without clambering on to platforms; and, once on the platform, they are bound to say something incriminating. Time and again, in these very "Notes," I have talked about the vice of speech-making, and implored my readers to struggle against it. If Mr. Edward Lewis, aged thirty-three, had taken my warning to heart, he would not now be resting in gaol. Mr. Edward Lewis, a weak man, had acquired the speech-making habit. In order to gratify his horrible passion, he joined the Salvation Army. (Mind you, I have a great admiration for the Salvation Army. Mr. Edward Lewis, unfortunately, does not share my respect. At any rate, hear the sequel and judge for yourself.) Mr. Lewis, overjoyed, found himself face to face with an audience. He racked his brains for a really startling remark. The old dodges seemed to leave them cold. After a dramatic pause, therefore, he suddenly announced that he had broken into the house of a fellow-Salvationist and stolen fifteen pounds. (Sensation—as you may imagine.) A rival orator, meanly enough, promptly sent for the police. The police arrested Mr. Lewis, found that his statement was quite correct, and the curtain came down on a sentence of six months' imprisonment, with hard labour. Moral—

The Awful Dust Fiend.

"Always remember," says a writer in the *Car*, "that dust is our worst enemy, antagonising more people in a day than speed does in a year." The majority of motorists, one imagines, have long realised this, but it is good that they should be reminded of it in one of their leading publications. I went for a little motor-trip at Easter, and it was pitiful to see the children covering their eyes with their hands as we passed to keep out the dust. One tiny little fellow knelt down as we approached, and buried his head in the grass at the side of the road. You will ask, "Why motor?" Yet that is not, I think, the retort. The motor has come to stay, whether the tender-hearted like it or not. Improve the roads: that is the only remedy.

WAVING "THE BANNER OF THE BRITISH DRAMA" IN BERLIN.

MR. TREE'S VISIT TO GERMANY UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF "THE GREAT PROTECTOR AND LOVER OF ART."



MR. TREE IN "THE MAN WHO WAS," WHICH IS TO BE PRODUCED IN CONJUNCTION WITH "THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR."



MR. TREE IN "HAMLET," WHICH IS TO BE PLAYED WITHOUT SCENERY.



THE NEW ROYAL OPERA HOUSE, BERLIN, AT WHICH MR. TREE AND HIS COMPANY ARE TO APPEAR UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF THE KAISER.

As we note on another page, Mr. Tree and his company open their short season at the New Royal Opera House, Berlin, on Friday next. It may be mentioned that the theatre has a stage that is even larger than that at His Majesty's, so that Mr. Tree's productions will lose nothing of their scenic effect.



MISS VIOLA TREE AS TRILBY, IN THE PLAY OF THAT NAME, WHICH WILL BE GIVEN AT A SPECIAL MATINÉE ON SUNDAY.

Photograph No. 1 by the Dover Street Studios; No. 2 by Sarony; No. 3 by the Illustrations Bureau; No. 4 by Bassano.

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AMERICA BUYS AN EXPENSIVE MUSIC-HALL CONSTELLATION.



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Photograph by Hana.

MR. WILL EVANS—£250 A WEEK

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MISS ROSIE LLOYD—£100 A WEEK.

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MR. GUS ELEN—£300 A WEEK.

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MR. HARRY TATE—£300 A WEEK.

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MR. GUS ELEN—£300 A WEEK.

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MISS MARIE LLOYD—£500 A WEEK.

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MR. HARRY LAUDER—£500 A WEEK.

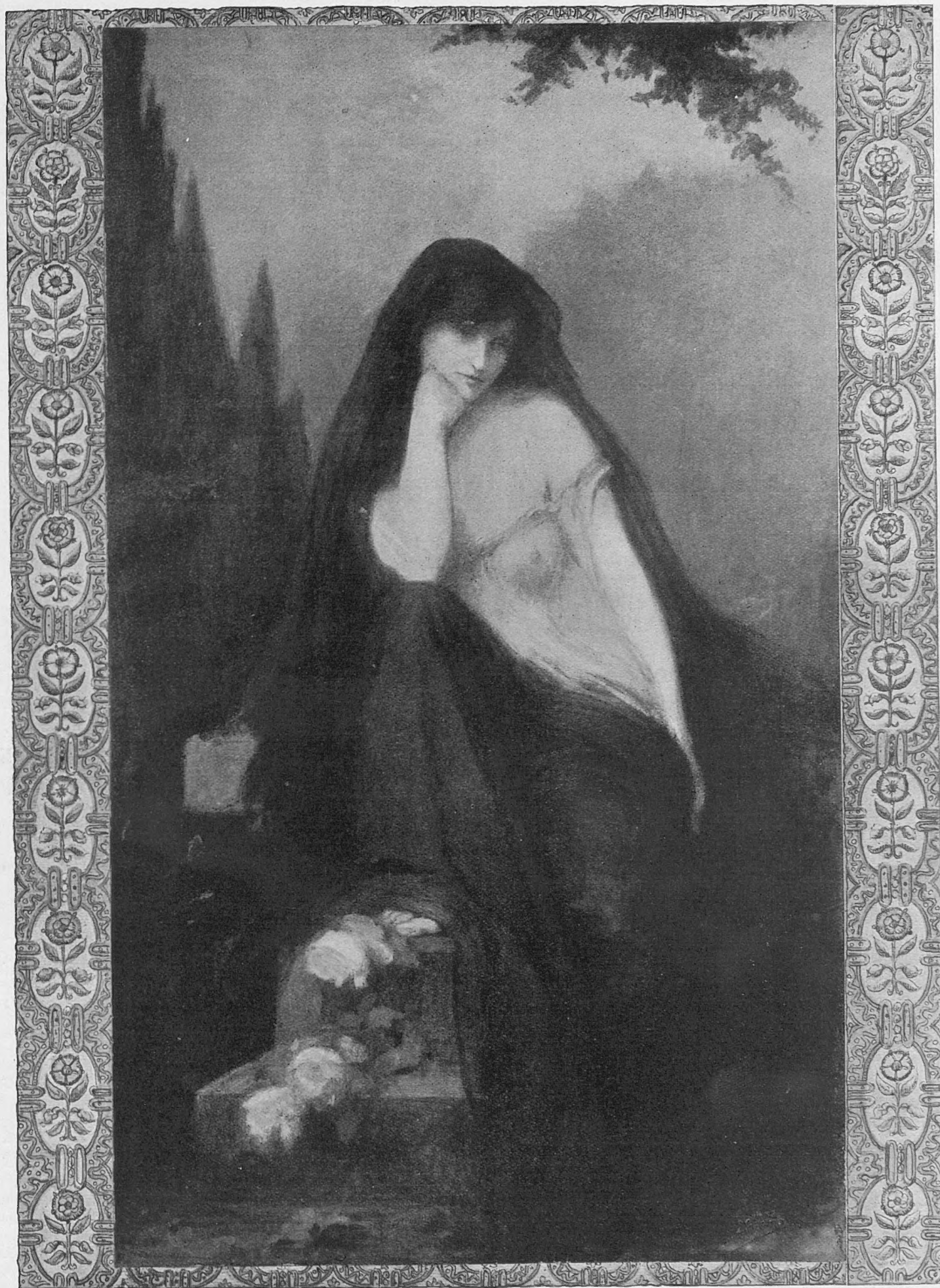
Photograph by M. Shadwell Clerke; Copyright by G. and T., Ltd.

MISS CLAIRE ROMAINE—£150 A WEEK.

Photograph by Hana.

The American Vaudeville Trust has resulted in some remarkable salaries for English music-hall artists, and the Klaw-Erlanger combination and the Keith-Proctor Syndicate are still waging fierce warfare in their endeavours to secure "talent." At the moment of writing the biggest star captured by the Klaw-Erlanger combination is Mr. Harry Lauder, who has signed an agreement for £500 a week—at the rate, that is, of £26,000 a year. Miss Marie Lloyd, who holds a similar position with the Keith-Proctor Syndicate, is to have the same salary. In addition to the artists whose portraits we give, Lockhart's elephants have been booked for £250 a week, the Eight Lancashire Lads for £150 a week, and Mr. Tom Costello for £130 a week. It is said, also, that Little Tich has been offered £600 a week, and that Mr. Arthur Roberts and Mr. Harry Randall have been approached, but have decided to stay in England. The length of the engagements varies: Mr. Lauder's is for five weeks. He cannot stay longer, as he is fully booked until 1912.

A PICTURE THAT CAUSED A LAW-SUIT.



"SOLITUDE," BY Mlle. JEANNE BOUCHER, WHICH DEPUTY-JUDGE BEVAN DECLARED "MOST MODEST" AND "QUITE SPOILT BY THE QUANTITY OF DRAPERY."

Mlle. Boucher, the well-known French artist, recently sued the Managing Director of the Grafton Galleries on the ground that he had failed to keep the contract which allowed the artist to use a certain room at the Grafton Galleries to exhibit a collection of her work. When Mlle. Boucher's pictures arrived, the artist was informed that the Ladies' Needlework Society, who were about to exhibit their work in the Galleries, objected to the pictures, on the ground that they showed the nude and so were indecent. Deputy-Judge Bevan, after examining a catalogue of the pictures of the Paris Salon of 1905, remarked that one especially, "Solitude," was "about the most modest in the volume" and "quite spoilt by the quantity of drapery." Judgment was given for the plaintiff, Mlle. Boucher. It is certainly ridiculous that a charge of indecency should be brought against the work of a painter as well known and as gifted as Mlle. Boucher. Mlle. Boucher is an officer of the Academy of Paris, and will exhibit the pictures originally intended for the Grafton Galleries at her studio, 6, Bolton Studios, Redcliffe Road, W., from April 29th until May 11th.—[Reproduced by courtesy of the Artist.]

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RED HILL ...	11 ¹⁷	EASTBOURNE ...	10 25
EDENBRIDGE ...	11 ⁰	MARGATE SANDS ...	11 5
PENSHURST ...	10 25	RAMSGATE TOWN ...	11 15
TONBRIDGE ...	10 45	CANTERBURY ...	11 55
DARTFORD ...	11 8	DOVER TOWN ...	11 50
GRAVESEND CENTRAL ...	11 18	FOLKESTONE JUNCTION ...	12 1
CHATHAM (M.L.) ...	11 35	FOLKESTONE CENTRAL ...	12 30
STROOD (N.K.) ...	9 55	SHORNCLIFFE ...	12 5
MAIDSTONE ...	10 13		12 33
	10 53		12 9
	11 5		12 36
	11 24		

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VINCENT W. HILL, General Manager.

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April 10, 1907.

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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

APRIL 13.

MAN'S RIVALRY OF THE BIRD: THE BROTHERS
WRIGHT'S FAMOUS GLIDER.

THE MECCA OF EUROPEAN SOCIETY:
MONTE CARLO.

MR. TREE'S VISIT TO BERLIN.

EDITORIAL OFFICE: MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.

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TO ARTISTS.—Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on
its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement.
Every drawing submitted must bear the name and address of the artist, and be
fully titled.

TO AUTHORS.—The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to
three thousand words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature,
and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general articles and
jokes at a fixed rate.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.—In submitting Photographs, contributors are
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(b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright.
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Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—
are particularly desired.

SPECIAL NOTE TO AMATEURS.—The Editor will be glad to consider
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rate for any used. Photographs of comparatively unknown "sights" are preferred
to prints of well-known and continually photographed places.

GENERAL NOTICES.—Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to
the Editor, and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their
senders; but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage,
destruction, or long detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs
sent for his approval.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be
accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the
Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of
payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

"SKETCH" EDITORIAL OFFICES, MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.

THE

UTOPIA HUNTER

By DION CLAYTON

CALTHROP.



THE PAST ART OF FLIRTATION.

"YES," he said, with that air of spontaneous combustion peculiar to him, "it is all over."

"Are they so serious?" I asked.

"Serious!" he cried. "They are of all things in earnest; and that in April."

"How do you account for that?" said I.

"Flirtation, my dear Sir, is a past art: it needs fragrance,

perfect manners, a touch of romance, a knowledge of the cap and bells. And these things are dead; we have become serious."

"They tell me," I said guardedly, "that a cab-drive up to town, past Kensington Gardens, along the stretch of Hyde Park, down the slope, and up the hill of Piccadilly was above everything the scene for amatory exercises."

"They, whoever they were," said he, his eyes twinkling with happy memories, "they described to you exactly what I should choose myself. The nearness, the openness, the public privacy of a hansom cab are properties made by Cupid, who sits, or used to, by the driver on the box. But now!—"

"Now, you say, the fair ladies fail to yield the secrets of their charms."

"And give us only the skim-milk of polite attention."

"Yet the world is still young."

"Ah," he said, laughing, "to-day one flirts with the fifties."

"I confess I do not understand."

"My dear friend, to drive through London with a gentle lady of fifty who has kept her charm is the most delicious, flirtatious occupation in this beautiful world. The art of flirtation bases itself on an assumption of common ignorance. One must pretend to be strangers thrown together by a happy chance, a chance ordained by Cupid, who may throw a film for the few minutes over ordinary life."

"Tell me, who am so ignorant of these things, how do you begin?"

He laughed heartily. "Tell buds how to blossom, dear friend, tell doves how to coo, lambs to skip, kittens to purr, and I will tell you how a heart beats quicker because a patent-leather boot brushes against a neat kid shoe. Oh, ye gods of almond-blossom, what has come to our girls? Yesterday they had

the softness of Shetland shawls, and were none the less white; to-day they have an armour of—what they are pleased to call—advanced ideas. And it is as likely that the precious moments between Kensington Church and St. George's Hospital will be wasted in a discussion on—on—"

"The whirl of gay traffic," I suggested.

In humorous dismay he threw up his hands. "Not a bit of it!" he cried. "On some problem of modern Socialism. Now, with a young woman of fifty or more, no nonsense of that sort would have occurred. She would laugh merrily as lovers passed in other cabs,

as the gleam of shirt-fronts and open dresses showed under the lights. The hum of London would be to her—to us—music. The shadows under the trees would hold secrets, the looming mass of buildings would hold life. That wonderful stretch of ground is made to serve many purposes; but in spring, when the young buds on the trees are like a fairy mist, and the shifting lights of cabs and 'buses are like the half-seen details of a fairy pageant, then is the time to be young for the sake of youth, to let care drop away, to let smiles win a place on the lips, to let a pressure of hands guard against a sinking of hearts."

"But," said I severely, "this is all froth and film and vanity."

"Pooh!" he cried, fastening a bunch of violets into his button-hole. "There is a deeper note in it than that. It is the common love of humanity, it is a look at the source of the milk of all kindness."

"And you say that the modern young woman cannot do this thing, that flirting is beyond her."

"It is above her. Flirting needs a certain wit, an exchange of sentiment. Flirting is an intellectual exercise for the heart, just as falling in love is a sentimental exercise for the brain."

"I see that you are in reality advocating a College of Charm."

"In a word," he replied, taking up his hat and stick, "manners maketh man, and manner maketh woman."

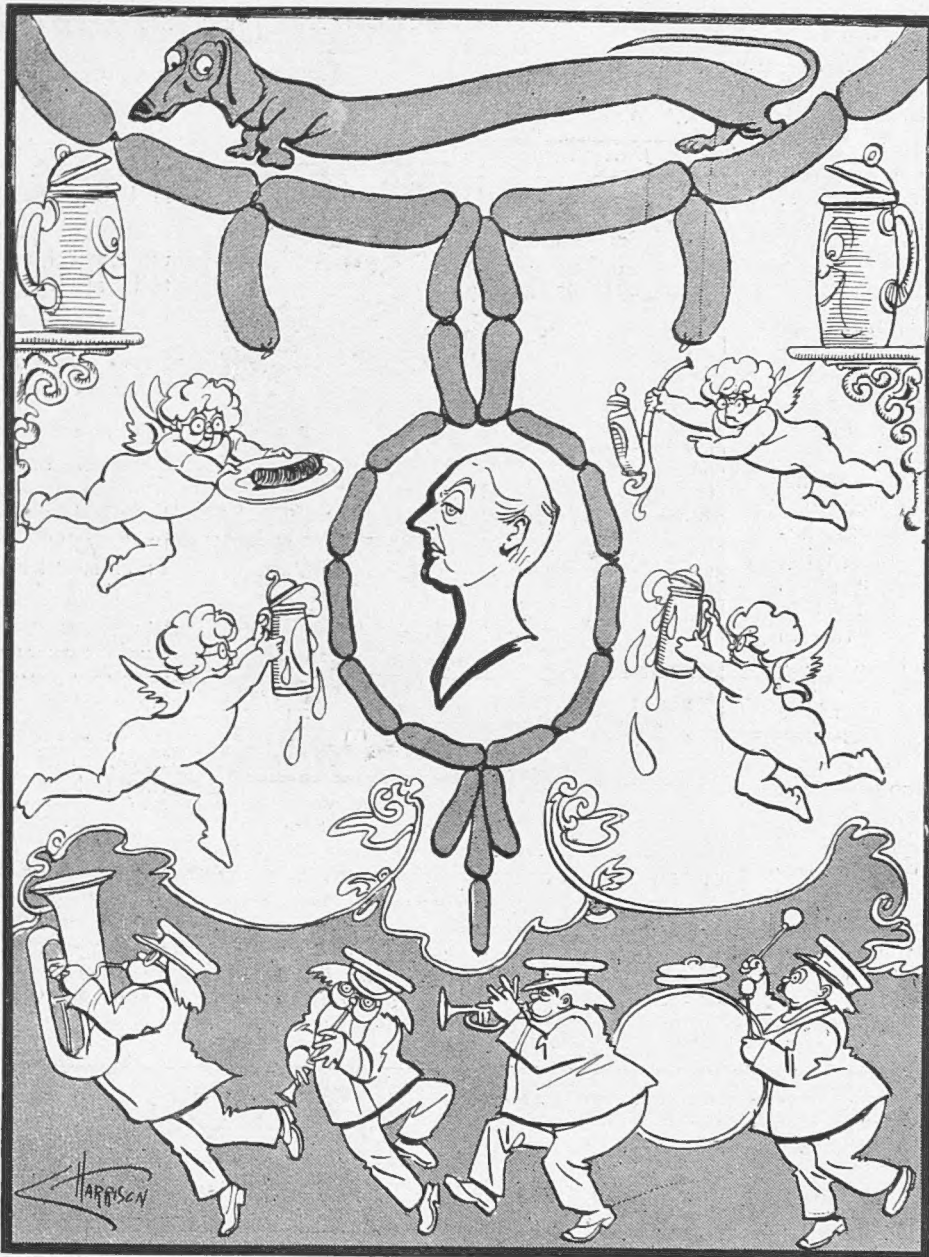
"You are going?" I queried.

"To meet a young lady in the Park, by the third bed of crocuses north of the Achilles Statue."

"A young lady? Then your argument was not serious."

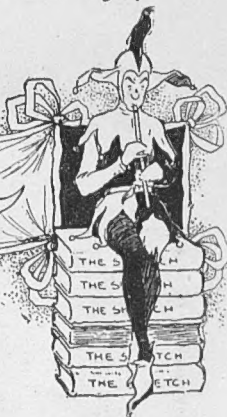
"In April?"

I could hear him laugh as he walked quickly down the street.



A SUGGESTION FOR THE DESIGN FOR THE MENU OF THE BANQUET TO BE GIVEN TO MR. TREE AND HIS COMPANY IN BERLIN.

DRAWN BY CHARLES HARRISON.



THE CLUBMAN

THE ROUMANIAN RIOTS—THE FORTS OF BUCHAREST—MR. TAKE JONESCO—FOUR MONTHS OF SUN
IN CUBA—THE HUMOUR OF CUBAN POLITICS.

IN travelling one only sees the surface of things. Had I been asked in which Balkan State the peasantry were most prosperous and contented, I should have passed over the Servians as being poor, and the Bulgarians as being heavily taxed to keep up the army, and should have indicated the Roumanians as being happy and prosperous. I saw some scores of thousands of the peasants who have been mown down by artillery in the past few weeks, for during the ten days I spent in Bucharest excursion trains daily brought in the peasants in thousands from all over the kingdom to see the exhibition which was in progress. Quiet, happy folk they looked, the men in cloaks of white sheepskin, leather outwards, embroidered wonderfully with wool; the women in jackets and petticoats, also finely embroidered.

Going out into the country on various expeditions, I was shown the model farms which the Government had established as object-lessons for the peasant farmers, and I was told that any farmer's son could learn all the business of agriculture at a nominal cost at any of these institutions. I certainly also saw some of the forts which guard Bucharest, and I was impressed by the difficulties of giving effective protection to a city on a plain. All around Bucharest is a great tract of level corn-land, and the slightest rise in the environs is used as a position for a fort. The ventilators of casemates and magazines crop up out of the fields where one would least expect them.

I read that Mr. Take Jonesco, the most important leader of the Opposition in the Roumanian Senate, has shaken hands with the Prime Minister, and that the two parties have worked together during those critical days when the peasant armies were marching on the capital, and the butterfly soldiers—for the Roumanian army has the handsomest uniforms of any soldiery of the world—had gone out to meet them. Mr. Jonesco, who is an ex-Minister of Finance, is the guardian angel of most Englishmen who visit the Near East. Nearly every Briton I met travelling in the Balkans carried a letter to him, for he speaks English almost as an Englishman does; he is frequently in our country on visits; he has married an English wife; and, being a most kindly and most courteous gentleman, he does all he can to be of use to those of our countrymen who have the honour of his acquaintance.

We have not yet ceased to wonder at the remarkable spell of sunshine which came to gladden the hearts of

holiday folk at Easter time, but our four days of sun seem paltry when compared with the sun-

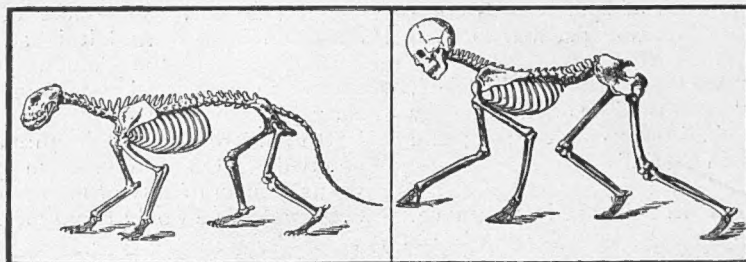
burst which the Cubans have enjoyed. During the past winter Cuba, that lovely but much-troubled island just off the American coast, has had four months of unclouded skies, and the inhabitants have grown weary of greeting each other with "Another fine day, Colonel"—to quote the tale of the cheery subaltern and the livery Colonel during the hot weather in India. The long period of sun is frightening the tobacco-growers, whose leaves, already picked and hanging on the long poles, are becoming too dry to handle;

while the "filler," as necessary to the making of a cigar as the outer covering, is being retarded in its growth.

Cuban politics must be difficult to understand, and the Cubans do not seem to be at all agreed as to whether they wish the American army of occupation to leave the island or not. There is a horde of negro politicians in Cuba, and each one of these gentlemen of colour thinks that a Government office of emolument should be provided for him. The real burning question of the moment, however, is whether cock-fighting and gambling should be considered legal or illegal amusements in the island; and it is not unlikely that a Presidential Election will be fought on the question whether cock-fights are to be treated as bull-fights are in Spain, or whether they will in future be held in a hole-and-corner fashion repugnant to the spirit of a true Cuban sportsman.

The game-cocks in Cuba are not, I believe, provided with artificial spurs when they fight, which, though it seems paradoxical, is not humane to the birds. When the long, needle-like spurs are on the heels of the game-cocks a single thrust through the brain kills a bird instantaneously. When the birds fighting to the death have only their natural weapon the condition of the contestants before one of them is done to death is quite horrible to see. The present American

Governor of Havana shows no sympathy with the gambling instinct of the Cubans, and ordered the Chief of Police, a gentleman with a Spanish name, to do something to check the universal gambling which is indulged in in the capital. The Chief of Police—who, no doubt, has no wish to be unnecessarily unpopular with his fellow-citizens—must have given some thought as to how he could get even with the unsympathetic New Yorker, and eventually instituted proceedings against some of the Havana newspapers for encouraging gambling by publishing the prices on the New York Stock Exchange.



TIGER.

MAN.

THE ANATOMICAL LIKENESS BETWEEN MAN AND THE TIGER:
A REMARKABLE COMPARISON BY PROFESSOR BONNIER.

Professor Bonnier is the author of a new text-book on "The Descent of Man," and the two illustrations here given are intended, in a measure, to prove his theory.



MRS. R. L. CHAMBERS (FORMERLY MISS D. K. DOUGLASS), THE LADY LAWN-TENNIS CHAMPION OF ENGLAND, WHOSE MARRIAGE TOOK PLACE LAST SATURDAY.

Mrs. Chambers was Lady Lawn Tennis Champion of England in 1903 and 1904, and regained the position in 1906, when she defeated Miss Sutton, the famous American player. Her marriage took place at St. Matthew's Church, Ealing, where her father is the Incumbent.

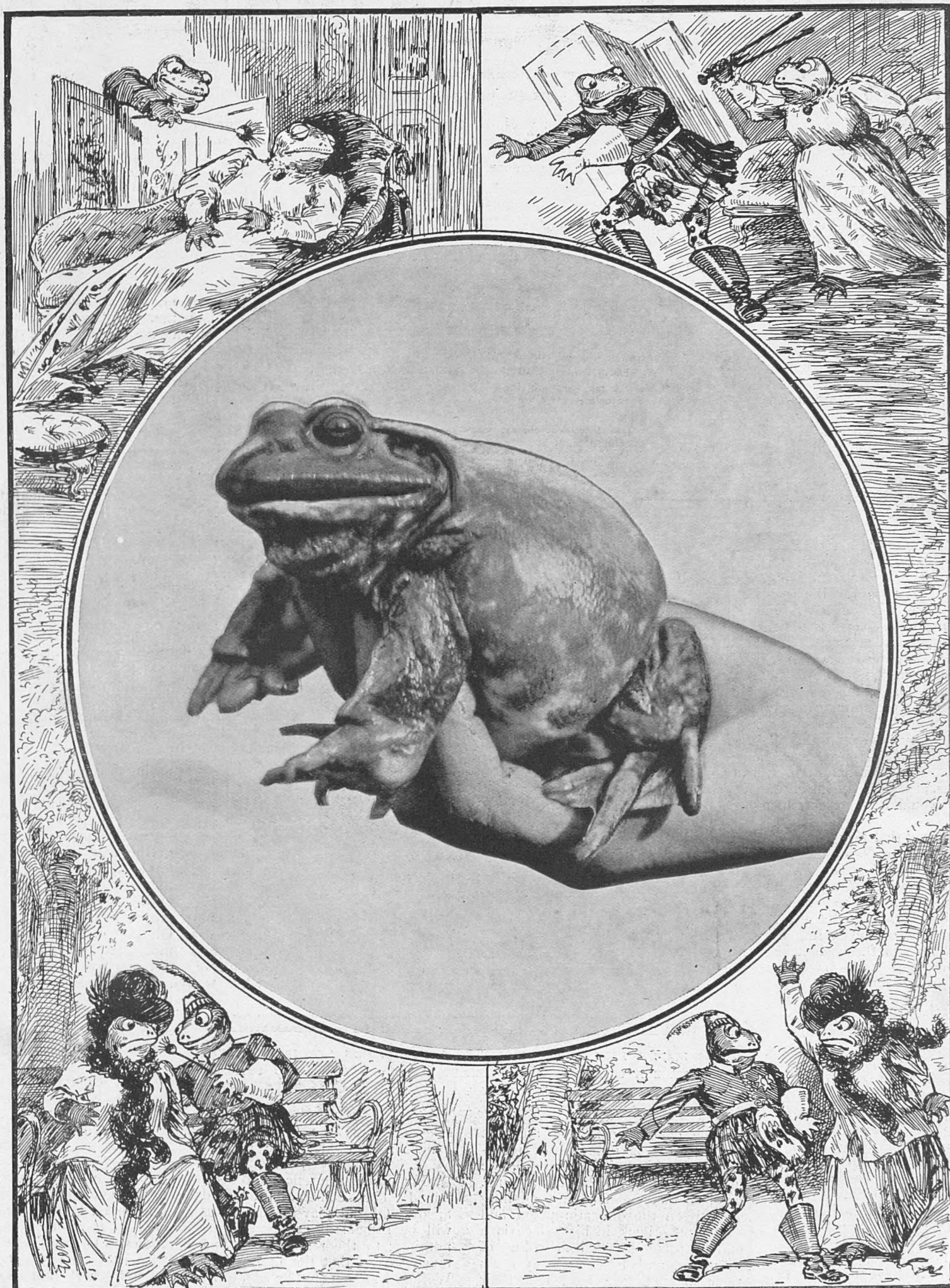


A DAILY PAPER WHOSE STAFF OPENS ITS DAY WITH PRAYER:
THE "KALAMAZOO GAZETTE."

Our reproduction shows a picture postcard issued as an advertisement by the "Kalamazoo Gazette," the leading daily paper of Kalamazoo, Michigan. The "Gazette" is the oldest newspaper in the State, and when it became known that its entire staff opened each day's work with prayer, the fact created a great sensation in the Yellow New York Press.

STUDIES OF HUMAN EXPRESSION IN ANIMALS.

VII.—THE FACETIOUS FROG.



"STOP YOUR TICKLING, JOCK!"

Photograph by W. S. Berridge.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By J. W.



"HER LOVE AGAINST THE WORLD"—"THE PALACE OF PUCK"—THE REVIVAL OF "PATIENCE."

MANY may regret that the mighty have fallen, but there is no doubt that the new managers of the Lyceum have done a wise thing in halving the prices and reintroducing substantial and sound melodrama to the West End of London. And melodrama is, at any rate, several steps higher than the two-shows-a-night music-hall to which the famous old theatre descended a little time ago. In visiting "Her Love Against the World" you leave your critical faculties at home. There is no use for them at the new Lyceum. The very title warns you of that. It is in itself an epitome of long-suffering virtue, with an unmistakable suggestion in it that the world is bound, in the long run, to lose.

Though for two acts Prince Ulric of Ravensburg bullies his victims with incredible villainy; though he degrades Lieutenant the Earl of Strathmere to the ranks and hurls him into prison, there to gloat upon his impotent heroism; though the hand and fortune of the beautiful Princess Iris seem doomed to be his, yet we remain calm in the comfortable conviction that a British Peer and an Austrian Princess are not to be trifled with like this. When, therefore, the Earl escapes from prison and from the bullets of the guard, brings hope to the Prince's enemies, captures the scoundrel single-handed and slays him in mortal combat in revenge for a young brother's death, we are not surprised, nor even unduly elated. We only envy the feelings of the boisterous gallery, and congratulate Mr. Norman Partridge, Mr. Eric Mayne, Miss Valli Valli, and Miss Nora Kerin on doing so excellently exactly what they are expected to do.

At the Haymarket there are other things to be considered. There Mr. W. J. Locke, fresh from his great popular success, "The Morals of Marcus," reappears with a "fantastic comedy," called "The Palace of Puck." Whether it will prove as great a success remains to be seen; but I have doubts. Mr. Locke has a certain gift of verbal and rather artificial witticism which carries him along pleasantly enough, and, starting from "fantastic" premises, he is not afraid of proceeding to improbable conclusions. He aims at the kind of drama whose relation to life is not that of imitation; and if only he were endowed with a little more of the poetic imagination his play might be a really beautiful thing. Unfortunately, there is lacking just that indefinable something which makes all the difference between the dramatic poem and the praiseworthy and prosaic attempt. Puck in his palace is a wealthy young enthusiast who gathers round him a little colony of poor young enthusiasts in art, music, and letters. They dress fantastically and beautifully, their manners are free, and their spare moments are spent in innocent flirtations and equally innocent masquerades. Into their midst, by the happy accident of a storm and a motor breakdown, come Podmore and his wife and daughter from the British suburbs; and Podmore, most naturally, disapproves of all he sees and hears. He and his wife have not kissed for twenty years. They have never looked into each other's

eyes. They do not understand; and the theme of the play is their awakening to the beauty of love.

Unfortunately, Mr. Locke's aim seems uncertain, and he lacks sureness of touch. If he had really created the atmosphere of Fairyland, it might have been easy to accept Mrs. Podmore's immediate surrender to the fascination of a young musician. As it was, it merely seemed strange that the sweet and decorous Miss Marion Terry should do anything so foolish. In Fairyland we should not have criticised the forwardness of Rhodanthe, the artist's model, in her efforts to bring Podmore (Mr. Fred Kerr) to

her feet. In a real Fairyland the masqueraders would not have resembled so much the chorus of a musical comedy, and the conquest of Podmore the Philistine would have had about it more of the air of poetic retribution. The nearest point Mr. Locke reached towards the attainment of his object was when Mr. and Mrs. Podmore, seeing each other in fancy dress, recognised for a moment that they had never yet done each other justice; but the effect was lost in a series of complicated and farcical elopements, which made up the last act, and caused Puck to intervene and straighten things out in the proper way. The result was jerky and unsatisfying, and a passage between the husband and wife at the end lost much of the beauty and sincerity which it otherwise might have had. It was here that Miss Marion Terry, having been passive the whole evening, found her first and only chance, and took it; and it was here that Mr. Kerr, having for most of the time been entertaining as a scandalised Philistine, found himself unequal to the occasion. Rhapsodies are not his strong point. Of the other players the most prominent was Mr. Esmond as Puck, but even he seemed somewhat constrained. Mr. Ben Webster was dreamy and passionate as the young musician, and Miss Miriam Clements made a handsome and fascinating Rhodanthe. It is a play which will appeal to different people in very

different ways; the first-night audience liked it much; but, as I have said, of its future I have my doubts.

But little space remains to deal with "Patience," which has now joined "The Yeomen of the Guard" and "The Gondoliers" at the Savoy. Of the play itself, fortunately, little need be said. There will be some still, as there have always been, to whom it means nothing; to the rest of us it is a joy for ever. It would be too much to say that the present performance of it is perfect: Mr. Workman alone could be said to stand really in the first class, and his rendering in particular of Bunthorne's first song is a triumph. Mr. Clulow is not very happily cast as Grosvenor, so that we lost some of the humour of "The Magnet and the Churn"; but Mr. Frank Wilson, with "The Heavy Dragoon" and "When I first put this uniform on," was quite admirable, and Miss Clara Dow, the new soprano, has a fresh and pleasant voice of considerable power.



THE LEADING LADY IN "JOHN GLAYDE'S HONOUR": MISS EVA MOORE, WHO HAS MADE A GREAT SUCCESS AS MURIEL GLAYDE IN MR. ALFRED SUTRO'S NEW PLAY AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

Photograph by Ellis and Watery.

THE FUTURE LADY COLE.



MISS MILLER MUNDY, WHOSE WEDDING TO VISCOUNT COLE, HEIR OF THE EARL OF ENNISKILLEN,
IS TO TAKE PLACE TO-MORROW (THURSDAY).

Irish society is much interested in this week's great Anglo-Irish alliance, for Lord and Lady Enniskillen are devoted to the Emerald Isle, and so is their eldest son, Lord Cole, who to-morrow will transform pretty Miss Miller Mundy into a future Countess. Miss Miller Mundy is the daughter of the well-known Derbyshire squire, and she is very popular in the neighbourhood of her home, Shipley Hall. Florence Court, to which in due course Lord Cole will take his bride, is one of the most beautiful places in Ireland, and there the arrival of the new Lady Cole is being eagerly awaited.—[Photograph by Lallie Charles.]

SMALL TALK



MR. JULIAN STORY, WHOSE WIFE, MME. EMMA EAMES, IS SAID TO BE SUING FOR DIVORCE.

As we noted last week, it is reported that Mme. Emma Eames is seeking divorce from her husband, Mr. Julian Story. Mr. Story is an American, but was born at Henley and went to Eton.

Photograph by Mendelssohn.

She delighted to slip into rough-and-ready male attire—slouch-hat, hobnail boots, man's coat, tréws and all, and so arrayed, enjoy unrestrained the simple pleasures of country life. It is sixteen years since this gifted couple were married: Mr. Story, though an American of the Americans, was born in England—at Henley—went to Eton, and, nigh upon thirty years ago, took his M.A. at Oxford. He has won many artistic distinctions, as his father, W. W. Story, the sculptor, did before him. He has been this last seven years a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, and his work has been crowned in Paris, Berlin, and London.

The Countess and the Premiers.

It is but fitting that the young Countess Beauchamp should open the brilliant series of festivities given in honour of the Colonial Premiers, for Lord Beauchamp was in his day the youngest of Colonial Governors, and it is known that he has retained a very real interest in Greater Britain. Lady Beauchamp is a sister of the Duke of Westminster, and she bears the quaint, old-world name of Lettice. She recalls in many ways her mother, Lady Grosvenor, for she is fonder of music, of literature, and of gardening than she is of the outdoor amusements and sports in which so many of her contemporaries delight. Lord Beauchamp recently acquired one of the largest and most imposing mansions in Belgrave Square, and Lady Beauchamp is evidently going to play a considerable rôle in the great political and social worlds of the twentieth century. Though still in the flower of her youth, she has a stately presence, and she was said to be one of the most splendid-looking among the younger Peeresses present at the Coronation; this was perhaps owing in some degree to the extreme beauty of her costume, which was distinguished by several original features from that of the other ladies present, while her veil, instead of being tulle, was of priceless old lace.

IT seems pathetically ironical that the legal proceedings which Madame Emma Eames is reported to have begun against her husband, Mr. Julian Story, should have arisen from a *bal masqué*, at which she passed unrecognised. In other, earlier days, Mr. Story, proud of the statuesque perfection of her beauty, used to design her costumes. These, however, she would vary by donning what, except to him, were disguises.

A Countess Playwright.

Pretty Lady Cromartie, not content with being a Peeress in her own right, is about to join the increasing army of women playwrights. On April 30, and again on May 2 and 3, will be acted, at the Playhouse, her one-act drama, "The Finding of the Sword." The young Scotch Countess is already known as a writer of charm and distinction. She began composing poetic little stories when she was still a



PEERESS AND PLAYWRIGHT: LADY CROMARTIE, AUTHOR OF "THE FINDING OF THE SWORD."

Lady Cromartie's play is due for production at the Playhouse on April 30th, May 2nd and 3rd. It is in one act, and has a strong psychic interest that, it is believed, will bring it success.

Photograph by Lillie Charles.



GOVERNMENT HOSTESS TO THE COLONIAL PREMIERS: THE COUNTESS BEAUCHAMP, WITH HER ELDER CHILDREN, VISCOUNT ELMLEY AND THE HON. HUGH PATRICK LYGON.

The Countess was Lady Lettice Mary Elizabeth, sister of the second Duke of Westminster, and was married to Lord Beauchamp in 1902. Lord Beauchamp was Governor of New South Wales from 1899 till 1902.

Photograph by Speaight.

girl, and "The End of the Song," a volume of wild Celtic legends, published by her not long ago, enjoyed a genuine success among all lovers of Highland lore. Lady Cromartie is a niece of the Duke of Sutherland, and she owes her fine old title to the fact that the third Duchess of Sutherland bore the title in her own right. It passed in due course to her second son, and was revived by Queen Victoria's special act in the person of his eldest daughter. Like so many modern women, she is deeply interested in psychic matters, and "The Finding of the Sword," though quite modern, has a strong psychic interest. It will be remembered that Mr. Forbes Robertson brought out a play by the new lady playwright's aunt, the Duchess of Sutherland, some two years ago.

The Briton Abroad. You may be a warm upholder of the Entente and all its works, and yet fail to appreciate the Englishman abroad. He means well, poor dear, but he is an angular and unadaptable person. See him on the boulevards of Gay Paree and you will wonder that he was ever let out. He persists in wearing a cap—though they never wear caps in Paris, except the Apaches, any more than they do in Piccadilly, and he will be smoking a brier pipe—though they never smoke brier pipes, except the English coachmen who drive the *chic* Parisians to their clubs. Yet he has a right to his cap, and even to his pipe, if he would not appear quite so obvious, quite so superior,

and quite so "only beastly foreigners, you know." He does his best, we suppose; it is the fault of the cheap agencies who bring him over for five francs for four days and a drive to Versailles (or something of that sort). Paris has seen more of the tripper than ever before this Easter, and the official language of the Rue de Rivoli has become English. Dear Rue de Rivoli, how like the Strand you are, these days! It makes you feel home-sick to see the tam-o'-shanters on the fair, tousled heads of the daughters of Britannia. Yet, judging from their accents, they come from Lancashire mostly.

NOTICE TO BATHERS: BEWARE OF THE FISH!

BEING OUR WONDERFUL WORLD OF POISONOUS FISH.



1. *BATRACHUS GRUNIENS*.—Emits poison from three spikes on dorsal fin and one on the gill-cover, each of these having a poison-sac at its base; found round the coast of the Antilles.
2. *SCORPÆNA DIABOLUS*.—Emits poison from spikes of dorsal and rear fins; found in the Indian and Pacific Oceans; the Mediterranean species is an ingredient of Bouillabaisse.
3. *SYNANCEA BRACHIO*.—Exudes poison from spikes on the dorsal fin under pressure; found in tropical parts of the Indian and Pacific Oceans; result of sting, delirium, with a desire to have the part amputated, and to bite.
4. *HOLOCANTHUS IMPERATOR*.—Passes as poisonous, but there is no proof that it possesses poison-glands; found in the Malay Archipelago.

5. *MURENA MORINGA* (LAMPREY).—Poison is in a small pouch in the mouth, and exudes from three fangs like those of a serpent; the poison-glands disappear on death; the poison is a digestive, although Henry I. did not find it so; found in the Mediterranean and the tropical part of the Atlantic.
6. *THALASSOPHRYNE RETICULATA*.—Poison exudes from spikes on the dorsal fin and gill-cover, each of which has a poison-sac; found at Panama and in the tropical parts of the Pacific.
7. *SCORPÆNA GRANDICORNIS*.—Of the same variety as the *Scorpæna Diabolus*; found in the Indian Ocean and the tropical parts of the Pacific.
8. *ARTEMATA*.—Distinguished from the *Scorpenidæ* by its longer dorsal spikes, which exude poison; found in the Indian Ocean and the equatorial part of the Pacific.

The natural method of defence utilised by fish is very varied. Some give an electric discharge, others emit poison from spikes on the fins. The lamprey is an exception, and has fangs like those of a serpent. In some cases the flesh of poison-bearing fish is not poisonous.



THE REPORTED ENGAGEMENT OF THE KAISER'S FOURTH SON: PRINCE AUGUST WILHELM OF GERMANY.

Berlin Court gossip has it that the young Prince fell in love with his cousin, Princess Alexandra Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, when he was at Bonn, and, being refused permission to marry owing to his youth, left the University without leave, and sought to change his father's views.

Photograph by Bieber.

burg-Glucksberg, but it is said that the parents of the Prince are unwilling for the marriage to take place before two years have elapsed. If this be so, how could his Imperial Highness employ the time better than by becoming a classmate of young Roosevelt? Prince August Wilhelm is believed in German University circles to be the most intelligent as well as the most studious of the six Princes, and, needless to say, he speaks English quite perfectly. Prince Oscar, who was first mentioned in connection with Harvard, is the fifth son of the Emperor and Empress, and is devoted to the army. Only a year ago he was sworn in at Potsdam as an officer of the 1st Prussian Regiment of Foot Guards, and quite a number of important personages, including the Grand Duke Vladimir of Russia and the Archduke Joseph of Austria, were present at the ceremony.

A Popular Painter-Prince.

but who, when he lived in France, chose, as "E. Oscarson," deliberately to dwell in the artistic and literary world of the Gay City instead of with the smart set and with the diplomatic corps. Prince Eugene is a very fine-looking man, the youngest of King Oscar's four sons. It was said at one time that he might have become Prince Consort of the Netherlands, but he is a confirmed bachelor, and is a most devoted son to his father and mother. The Prince has inherited his gift for art from his uncle, the late King Carl, and doubtless his liberal opinions have come to him from his great-grandfather, Bernadotte. Prince Eugene is fond of taking artistic tours in Italy, and when so engaged he is always accompanied by some artist friend—sometimes a sculptor, sometimes a painter. He himself devotes all his time to landscape work, and although he is a Prince, some of his paintings are of a very high order of merit, and fully

IF the German papers are to be believed, America is awaiting with considerable anxiety the Kaiser's decision as to which of his two younger sons is to become a Harvard undergraduate! According to Court gossip, Prince August Wilhelm is already informally engaged to his seventeen-year-old cousin, the lengthily named Princess Alexandra Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonder-

deserve the place they earn, both in local and in international exhibitions.

A Princely Provision Merchant.

The royal family of Lippe, including the reigning branch—that of Lippe-Biesterfeld—occupies no fewer than four pages of the "Almanach de Gotha"; accordingly, many of these high and mighty personages are anything but well off.

One Prince, he of Lippe-Detmold, has accepted the situation with true philosophy, and has turned his vast estates to good purpose by becoming a kind of glorified dairyman, dealing not only in butter and eggs, but also—which seems less natural—in bricks. Our own royal family is probably the only one in Europe which has never deigned to adopt any form of trade. All the produce of the splendid home farm at Sandringham, to say nothing of the thousands of head of game killed each autumn on the King's Norfolk estates, is given away, either to friends of their Majesties or to those charitable institutions in which they are specially interested.

April the Wedding Month.

April is in a special sense the month which sees many weddings, for only the bravest bride consents to be married in May, and that certain recent royal examples notwithstanding. Quite a number of important marriages are being celebrated this week, and to-morrow (Thursday, 11th) has been chosen by no fewer than three fashionable couples. The most

important bridal will, of course, be that of the Prince of Wales's favourite Equerry, Captain Godfrey Faussett, and Lord Esher's niece, Miss Eugenie Ward. Both bride and bridegroom are well known at Court, and it is but fitting that their wedding should take place at the Chapel Royal. Roman Catholic society will gather at the Brompton Oratory in honour of Miss Jane de Trafford and Mr. Francis Scott - Murray. And the marriage of Lord Cole, Lord Enniskillen's son and heir, to Miss Miller Mundy will also be one of to-morrow's



PRINCE AND PROVISION MERCHANT: THE PRINCE OF LIPPE-DETMOLD.

The Prince follows the example of the Kaiser (who runs a porcelain manufactory that was left him by one of his subjects) by deriving a certain amount of his income from trade. He sells butter and eggs from his estate, and bricks from his limekilns. Prince Bismarck, it may be remembered, had the monopoly of supplying the telegraph poles for the German Empire.



THE PAINTER-PRINCE: PRINCE EUGENE OF SWEDEN.

The Prince is no mere dilettante, and studied his art seriously in Paris. He devotes the greater part of his time to landscape work.

fashionable bridals. Next Monday will see the marriage of Lady Kerry's brother, Mr. John Hope, and Miss Dunsmuir; a Scotch alliance this, which will bring many friends of bride and bridegroom from the north to the south. Later in the month another Scottish wedding will be celebrated in London—that of Lord and Lady Aberdeen's second son and Miss Cecile Drummond.



A GERMAN PRINCE WHO MAY BE SENT TO HARVARD: PRINCE OSCAR.

It was stated some days ago that Prince Oscar, the Kaiser's fifth son, was to be sent to Harvard; but it is now believed (in view of the story of the engagement between Prince August Wilhelm and Princess Alexandra of Schleswig-Holstein) that his place is likely to be taken in America by Prince August.

Photograph by Bieber.

A GREAT SOPRANO TO TOUR IN AUSTRALIA.



MME. ALBANI, WHO IS STARTING FOR AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, AND INDIA.

Mme. Albani is about to begin a six-months' tour in Australia, New Zealand, and India. She will see India for the first time.

Photograph by Russell.



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

The Poisoned Shoes of Destiny.

It is to be hoped that the gentlemen who, greatly experimenting, drew the teeth of the New York "Zoo's" pet python, have provided a safe resting-place for the extracted treasure; for there is on record somewhere in Frank Buckland's delightful pages, a story, which reveals a permanence of poison in the tooth of the serpent not commonly suspected. A man, bitten through his boot by a snake, went home and died. It was a businesslike household, and the son, inheriting the estate, stepped literally into his father's shoes. He, too, died; as did a third person bold enough to fit on the shoes of destiny. The explanation was that the snake, in making his attack, left his poison-fang embedded in the underpart of the moccasin—the poison-fang is easily detached. Upon the foot of the wearer becoming hot the poison in the fang liquefied, the sharp tooth penetrated the skin of the foot, and so man was again taken in the heel by his hereditary enemy. Professional poisoners never thought of a better idea than that.

Masters of Secrets.

To-day the election of Directors of the Bank of England takes place. This is the body—the Directors and the Governor of the Bank of England—which made Lord Randolph Churchill tremble. For half-an-hour he walked outside the Bank with Sir Edward Hamilton, in a panic of nervousness, before he could master himself and sail in as a Chancellor of the Exchequer should. If the Directors had told all they knew, they might have made a good many people tremble in days which are gone—from different cause. Every bank has its secrets. Coutts's could at one time have hanged half our aristocracy; and the Bank has its share of secrets which would make the fortune of a novelist. They are of only sentimental value now. The Bank's losses are its biggest profits. The seeming paradox will be understood when it is mentioned that hundreds of thousands of £5 notes, as well as paper for bigger money, are lost, or, from other cause, never presented. Each of those is so much clear gain to the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street. A note in the fire is worth a good many secrets in the strong-room.

The Bold Baron B.

Hooligans rule the roast so well just now in certain districts of Glasgow that the police of the Second City must sigh for an assize or two of bold Baron Bramwell. To mention it will lead to one's being flatly contradicted, but his biographers, at any rate, say that the bold Baron killed garrotting with the cat. The opposition theory is that kindness did it. Anyhow, a contemporary poem is on the side of the cat—

In the Court of Old Bailey, 'twas
Bramwell that spoke:
"The Crown can't allow all these
crowns to be broke,
So let each skulking thief who funks
justice and me
Just attend to the warning of bold
Baron B.
Just hand me my notes and some
ink for my pen,
And, gaoler, look sharp, and bring
up all your men.
Under five years of servitude none
shall go free,
For it's up with the dander of bold
Baron B."

Had the gentlemen whom he was called upon to sentence met him when out garrotting it would assuredly have been down with the bold Baron B. But it was his good fortune to have first word.

The Rejected Manuscripts.

By rescuing from the fire the manuscript of a violin concerto by Nardini, Signor Alessandro Certani seems to have secured a pearl of price. There ought to be compensation after so narrow an escape. It generally happens that that stone which the builder himself rejects becomes the topmost of the structure which he is destined to erect. Mr. Kipling will never better the "Recessional." The manuscript of it was on its way to the fire; it had reached the waste-

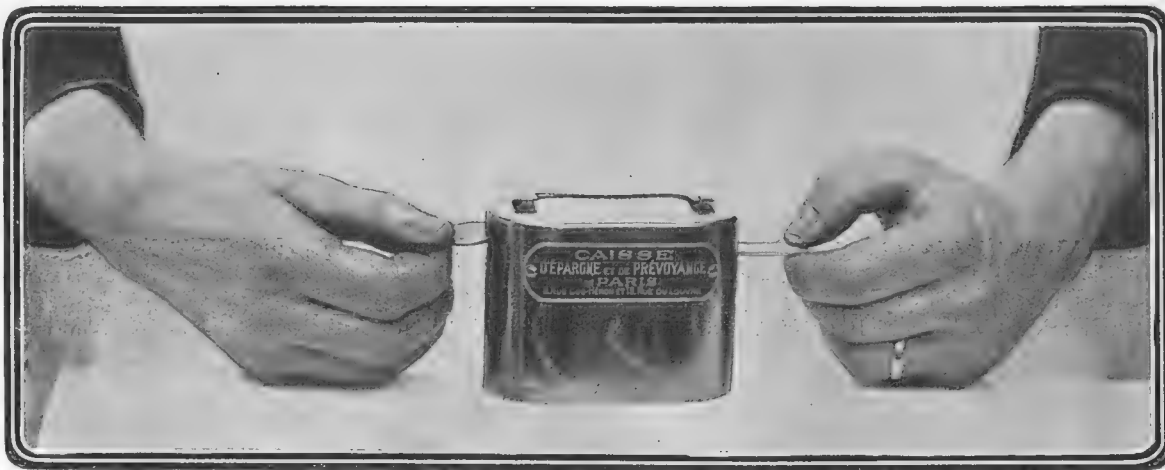
paper basket when loving hands rescued it and demanded for it a fairer consideration. And "Cavalleria Rusticana" came still nearer destruction. "I shall never do anything," cried the despairing Mascagni, glancing up from the score, "never! That is where my work must go," and he threw the sheets on to the fire. There had not been

much money in the house for fuel, and the fire was low. His wife had no difficulty in redeeming the score from its place of peril, and off by post it went, to win him his prize—and fame.



A SAPLING BENT TO THE GROUND BY THE WEIGHT OF A SWARM OF BEES: A REMARKABLE SIGHT IN LANCASHIRE.

Photograph by A. L. Errett.



A MONEY-BOX THAT CANNOT BE OPENED BY ITS OWNER: THE INGENIOUS "SAFE" SUPPLIED BY THE FRENCH SAVINGS BANK.

The French Savings Bank is well aware that there are moments in which the owner of a money-box is eager to open his little "safe" or to shake a few coins from it, and is likewise certain that if the opening or the shaking out cannot be done immediately the thrifty one is wont to repent of his haste and to let his money remain in custody. They have provided, therefore, the ingenious box illustrated, which has two slits, each for a five-franc piece. This box cannot be broken open, and the insertion of the blade of a knife will not help matters. The lock is underneath the box, and the key is kept at the Savings Bank.

"THE SKETCH" THEORY OF THE DESCENT OF MAN.

DRAWN AND EVOLVED BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.



STAGE III.—THE ALCOHOLOZOIC BIVALVE.

Found only in the old, crusted deposits of the Silurian System.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



NOTHING could be less in accordance with Mrs. Russ Whytal's desire or more diametrically opposed to her wish than the paragraphing of her name in association with that of Miss Ellen Terry because she is going to play Hermione with Mr. Tree during the Shakespeare Festival immediately after having concluded a tour in Miss Terry's part in "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire." Such comparisons must of necessity handicap any actress who follows Miss Terry, for Miss Terry is one of the queens of the stage, while Mrs. Whytal has yet to become a familiar figure to a great body of the theatrical public. Not that she is unknown to the theatre-goer, for during Mr. Willard's season at the St. James's the connoisseurs could not help noticing the sincerity of her performances and the excellence of her technique. Physically, she is quite unlike Miss Terry, for she is slight and but little above the average height of woman. She has large, clear, liquid brown eyes, set in a very intelligent face, and, although she is quite a young woman, her hair is almost snowy white. This she inherits from her father, who was grey before he was twenty. Before she came to England she acted with many of the best companies in America, and was at one time with Miss Julia Marlowe, whose season with Mr. Sothern begins at the Waldorf very shortly.

The appearance of Mr. E. H. Sothern serves once more to demonstrate the fact that many leading actors start by playing light-comedy parts. His first important successes in America were made while he wore the fair wig which is so characteristic of light-heartedness on the stage. He was at that time the leading member of the company of Miss Helen Dauvray, an actress who had a great vogue in America. When Mr. Sothern began on his own account he continued playing such parts, and made a brilliant success in a play the title of which, to suit the rank-and-file of American playgoers, was spelt "Lord Chumley." One of his first serious parts was that created by Mr. Tree—the Duke of Guisebury in "The Dancing Girl." His success was so great in it that it paved the way for the Shakespearean impersonations in which he will be seen with Miss Marlowe.

If, as some people have averred, it was Mr. Sothern's ambition to wear the mantle that fell from Edwin Booth's shoulders when that great actor died, it was apparently no less Miss Julia Marlowe's desire to take the place of Miss Mary Anderson, who held so exalted a position with the American public. Miss Anderson made her début in London as Parthenia in "Ingomar," and in that part Miss Marlowe made a great success, her youth and the charm of her personality combining with her talent to make her an ideal representative of the character. In the early days of her career she was, without doubt, greatly aided by a letter of encomium Colonel Robert Ingersoll wrote after seeing one of her performances. She

has for some time now been one of the accepted representatives of the great Shakespearean parts. At one time she was married to the late Mr. Robert Taber, the latter years of whose life, as playgoers will remember, were spent in London, where he made noteworthy successes at the Lyceum with Sir Henry Irving, with Mr. Forbes Robertson at the Adelphi, and at His Majesty's with Mr. Tree.

Mr. Frank Parker, who has been receiving so many congratulations on the vivid production of "The Typhoon," at the Hippodrome, was, in the early days of his career, the victim of an accident which came very near being fatal. As a boy he was

employed at Drury Lane Theatre, and it was part of his duty to light the great glass chandelier in the middle of the house. It was an arduous job, taking about two hours. The lighting was done by means of a methylated-spirit torch fixed to the end of a long stick. One night Mr. Parker had the misfortune to break one of the glass chains. He had been told that if ever that happened he must break the chain off to prevent the possibility of its falling into the pit during the performance and injuring or possibly killing anyone on whom it fell. Finding it impossible to break the wire in any other way, he climbed down into the chandelier, using the gas-pipes as supports for his hands and feet. It was a hazardous undertaking, for a false step would have meant falling from the ceiling to the floor of the house. Eventually, however, the boy succeeded in breaking off the piece of glass chain and dropping it. Then he started to climb up out of the chandelier. When he reached the top he found, to his dismay, that in passing through the opening he had inadvertently turned on and lighted the circle of gas-burners which created an upward draught and took the products of combustion well out of the theatre. The stop-cock was out of his reach, and had he attempted to force his way through the circle of flame

he must have set his clothes on fire. He had therefore to stay where he was. The chandelier was half-lighted, and the hot fumes from the burnt gas were taken in with every breath he drew. He shouted for help, but only one man was in the theatre at the time, and he was on the stage, and the green curtain was down. Mr. Parker was fast being overpowered by the fumes of the burnt gas when the man, wondering how the lighting was going on, looked through a hole in the proscenium, and so saw the unfortunate Mr. Parker. It was a long way to the top of the theatre through dark corridors. Luckily, however, the man arrived before the boy was quite overcome, and turning out the gas, he pulled the lad out of the chandelier and thus saved him from a terrible death. It took Mr. Parker a very long time before he was able to light the chandelier without going through all the horrors of that unique experience.



THE EARLY DEATH OF A FORMER GAIETY STAR: MISS MAIE SAQUI, WHO DIED LAST WEEK.

Miss Maie Saqui will be remembered as a prominent member of the Gaiety company. She left the stage in June of 1903, on her marriage to a stockbroker. Miss Saqui was an Australian, and her younger sisters—the Misses Gladys and Hazel Saqui—and herself made their stage débuts in Melbourne.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

A FLOORING REPLY.



FIRST VERGER: Do you 'ave matins at your church?

SECOND VERGER: No, we 'as linoleums.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

IF authors become publishers on their own account, can they be members of the Society of Authors, set up to fight publishers? The question is one that will have to be considered if there is any practicality in the propositions recently put forward at a meeting of members of the *Times* Book Club. The whole war between the authors and the publishers is, however, a civil war, as is evident to anyone who has followed in this column the close family unity between publishers and authors in this country. The *Times* itself is half-author and half-publisher; and the internecine strife it has lately fomented will, we believe, very shortly be brought to an end.

Mr. Zangwill, who has in hand a volume of "Ghetto Comedies," will surely be at his best in the human and kindly mirth he brings to the consideration of some of the social problems affecting his race. Great observer as he is, he is an observer with a twinkle in his eye; and if you do not get that twinkle translated into words, you do not get the complete Zangwill.

Lord Crewe is the possessor of a commentary on Charles James Fox by Walter Savage Landor—the only known copy of a suppressed edition, "condemned to eternal night," its author said of it. This copy of the book was Southey's, and, at Southey's death, came into the hands of Monckton Milnes, whose son has now had a transcript made for Mr. Murray. Landor on Fox is bound to be interesting, and Mr. Murray will admit the public to the confidence in another week or two.

Landor was not only a fine poet and a fine prose-writer; he was also a fine hater. He quarrelled with everybody—wife, parents, friends—and even preferred to leave England rather than face the consequences of a possible libel action from a governess. So, when he came to write the noble lines which compose his epitaph, he wrote—

I strove with none, for none was worth my strife;
Nature I loved, and, next to Nature, Art;
I warmed both hands before the fire of life;
It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

That first line of a classic verse is magnificent in all ways, even in its effrontery. But very few four lines of great poetry go on all fours with experience, and especially in moments of exaltation, when readiness for death is announced, do writers belie their second and their third thoughts. Faber, the hymn-writer, who expressed passionate longings for an early death, had, very properly, two specialists called in when the serious illness came; and there is

another fact of his last illness which deserves a record. The great preacher who had done so much in preparing other people for death found much comfort himself in a perusal of "Dombey and Son."

Hitherto unpublished letters written by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu are to appear in a book by "George Paston," to be published next month by Messrs. Methuen. Of course they will be welcome—for her letters, if inferior to those of great Frenchwomen, are among the most readable a woman ever wrote. Lady Mary herself, so straightforward as a chronicler, is still something of a mystery. She knew everybody, but nobody seemed quite to know her. Her easy and well-mannered separation from her husband is not quite accounted for; nor is there any need it should be. She was in some ways the founder of a new order of Englishwomen—the intrepid traveller, the smart writer but not the "smart woman," and the devoted mother. And she loved the light. "My spirits go in and out with the sun." Nothing was better said by Stevenson, who had very much the same personal experience.

The *Nineteenth Century and After* has an article on "The Literary Associations of Hampshire" which calls to mind "the names of Gilbert White, Jane Austen, Charles Kingsley, and Lord Tennyson." The writer also commemorates "Legh Richmond, Keble, and Trench," the first-named of the three being curate of Brading, in the Isle of Wight, from 1797 to 1805, and "whose parochial experiences he afterwards embodied in his narratives of 'The Dairyman's Daughter' and 'Little Jane the Cottager.' But Legh Richmond recalls another and a greater Richmond—a Richmond of fiction, with the prefix of Harry; and a strange omission is that of his maker, George Meredith, who is Hampshire born. And another great Hampshire association finds no record in this "so-called *Nineteenth Century*"—the long residence of Coventry Patmore at Lymington.

Messrs. Macmillan are lumping together the two volumes of Mr. Winston Churchill's Life of his father, and issuing it in one cover at a lower price. If the rumours about the rather disappointing sales of this biography be true, then they only show that it is still possible for a brilliant bit of work to go only partially recognised, and the publisher of it to have been a too confiding purchaser.

M. E.



"GOOD" IS NOT ALWAYS WHAT IT SEEMS!

TOUR (to the REV. SEPTIMUS CHANT, who is paying his first visit to a racecourse, in the hope of gaining experience): I say, guv'nor, d'yer know anything good?

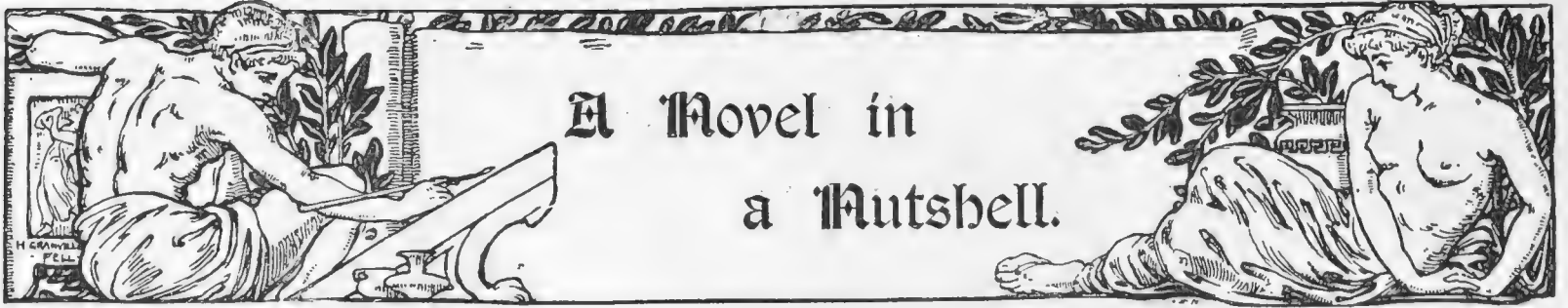
BARKING HIS SHINS!



THE LADY: Don't be frightened. His bark is worse than his bite.

THE TRAMP (*who has been bitten*): Then, fer 'eaven's sake, Mum, don't let 'im bark.

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.



A Novel in a Nutshell.

THE REFORMED GAMBLER.

BY EDWARD H. COOPER.

A Story in which the Names Alone are Fiction.

I.

"GONE! Every shilling, every penny . . . gone!"

A young man seated at a gaming-table in the famous (or infamous, according to taste) little house in Park Street belonging to the young Marchioness of Merton, muttered the words to himself with a nervous smile flickering weakly on his lips.

Everybody knew nowadays the meaning of Lady Merton's invitations to luncheon and dinner parties, to her concerts, dances, and at-homes. They meant gambling—endless, omnipresent, simple gambling: bridge, baccarat, roulette, poker, trente-et-quarante, for any stakes which anybody liked to ask for, and with total disregard whether the company was young or old, rich or poor, innocent or initiated. The house was the scandal of all Mayfair and Belgravia. Men warned their sons against it; women with daughters to guard and reputations to lose tossed the young Marchioness's invitations into the fire without troubling to answer them; Scotland Yard officials had sent for the Marquess twice and told him that on the smallest pretext, at the very slightest slip made by either of them, he and his wife would be prosecuted, and every point of law strained to its utmost to give them merciless punishment. But the Marchioness laughed gaily when her husband came back to her, looking rather scared, and repeated this warning. She knew the gaming laws of England as well as anybody in Scotland Yard. Moreover, a prosecution would have amused her.

The smile on Harry Grahame's face, as he turned it slowly round the table, bore a somewhat insecure appearance, and presently gave place to a hard, defiant stare. He had been looking for sympathy, as weak-minded, emotional, and intensely selfish youth will; and he saw . . . faces. When you have lost everything you have in the world, you do not want to see faces—to see unemotional eyes looking at you without pity or blame or sympathy, but just curiously. The game finished at the next deal, and with a few laughing words to his neighbour Harry got up from the table and prepared to leave the room. Lady Merton came up to him with smiling condolences, and he answered her civilly; he supposed so, at any rate, since she passed on without further look or word of surprise. Then Jim Wentley, the famous engineer, who had taken the bank during the last game, as well as on the previous evening, when Grahame had also lost a considerable sum, came and spoke to him.

"Your luck seems to be a bit off at baccarat when I take the bank," said Wentley with pleasant apology in his voice. "I'm afraid you lost a good deal last night and to-night. We do play frightfully high here, and your chief object to-night was apparently to stagger even us."

"I was playing to get back last night's losses," said Grahame, "and I've merely succeeded in losing every farthing I've got in the world. I must go home."

The effort to speak lightly was a gallant one, but it failed on this occasion. The young man's voice broke suddenly, his face blanched as if he had been holding some colour in it by sheer force of will, and must now give up the effort; and he glanced up at his companion with a passion of frightened, babyish, pitiful appeal in his eyes. The two men were about the same age, Grahame being five-and-twenty and Wentley three or four years older, and they understood one another very well.

"Oh, I wouldn't go off just yet," said the other soothingly, answering the appealing eyes; "and I certainly would not go off by myself. By the way, if it isn't a rude question, what have you lost to me?"

"Just over thirty thousand pounds. I must have a week or two to pay the cheques and I.O.U.s; but they'll all be paid," added the young man sullenly, fancying that he detected in the other person's voice some doubt on this point.

"Why, of course," said Wentley, with a quick, sympathetic smile; "whoever questioned that? But you mean it's about all you've got?"

"I mean what I tell you," was the answer, in a stifled voice. "For God's sake, man, don't make me repeat it again; it's no concern of yours, anyhow. And I—"

Wentley caught hold of his companion's shoulder, thinking for a second he was going to fall, for his lips turned blue-white and his eyes were mad with pain. Coming towards him across the room was a very young girl, looking not only as if she ought to be in bed, but as if she would much prefer to go there. She came straight up to Grahame, put her hand on his arm, and then eyed Wentley doubtfully.

"My cousin, Lady Eleanor Masham; Mr. Wentley." Harry Grahame just found voice to introduce the two, and Wentley remembered the tale of the little Eton lad, fifteen years ago, who had saved his child-cousin from being burnt to death by a feat of bravery with which all the newspapers of the time had been filled. The little pair had promised next morning to marry one another, according to the popular story, and had been steadily and unwaveringly in love ever since. Their wedding, if he remembered right, was to be this month.

The girl, apparently, was in some plight too desperate for strict caution and politeness: she hardly lowered her voice as she asked lamentably, "Oh, Harry, can you take me away from here? Couldn't you take me on to the Gardiners' and leave me with Mrs. Gardiner? Dad said I wasn't to come here; and mother said she'd only just look in for a moment. But she's sat down to play at that table over there, and dad's coming on from the Highland dinner, and he'll be just furious."

"Yes, come away," said Grahame, almost in a whisper. "I'll drive you to the Gardiners'. I—I have got something to say to you."

But it appeared to be something not very easy to say, for Harry Grahame sat in dead silence throughout the drive, while the girl prattled on in her soft voice and quaint, innocent language about her evening's parties. It was only as the hansom turned into the quiet roadway of Carlton House Terrace that Grahame suddenly drew the child into his arms and covered her lips and forehead and hair with wild kisses, and muttered something which she did not catch at first. The words were repeated, and the pretty child-face grew white and aghast with terror.

" . . . Mind if you give it all up and go away? . . . Shall I—shall I mind? Are you mad, Harry? What have you been doing at that house? Dad always says it's hell. . . . Oh, here we are! Come straight into the garden and talk to me."

"I won't to-night. I must go home to-night, most darling

[Continued overleaf.]

DIGNITY BEFORE ALL THINGS.

(MOTTO OF MR. EXCELSIOR EDWARDS.)



NEVER GIVE YOURSELF AWAY BEFORE YOUR SERVANTS.

DRAWN BY RENÉ BULL.

little sweetheart, and think. Early to-morrow I will come to you—if I can live through these hours. Good-night, darling, and be as brave as you can here. No, no; I mustn't take you home. You must be brave, sweetheart."

II.

Crazy to be alone, to get cheque-books, bank statements, and a pencil, and calculate the worst, Grahame drove back to his rooms in Buckingham Gate and ran upstairs. As he opened the door of his sitting-room, he stood still with a scarcely repressed curse, for Wentley was sitting in an arm-chair, with a cigarette and a novel.

"I thought you would be later," he said, rising with a pleasant smile, "so I got a book to pass the time. I want five minutes' chat—a word of promise from you, a box of matches, and a clear space in this flower-decked fender for a small bonfire."

"A promise —? Matches —? I don't understand. I'm not very bright to-night. Will you tell me seriously what it is you want here?"

"Certainly." The man threw away his cigarette, took some papers from his pocket, set them on fire and dropped them into a space in the fender which he had been clearing with one foot. "Those are your cheques and I.O.U.s; it is an entire waste of words to argue about the matter, for nothing in earth or heaven would induce me to cash one of them. I shall say nothing to anybody, but under no circumstances do I mean to touch a penny of the money. Now I want your promise to play no more—anywhere—for ten years. Will you give it me? . . . Do you feel honestly obliged to rake all that burnt paper out of the fire? Nothing will persuade me, you know, to touch a penny of the money."

"Oh! Do you mean—do you think I really may—?" Harry Grahame sat down by a table, and put his head in his arms, and burst into a passion of tears, through which incoherent promises and exclamations of gratitude stammered their way at sobbing intervals. When at last he looked up, Wentley was gone.

III.

DEAR SIR HARRY GRAHAME,—I am a little uncertain whether you will remember the name of a certain James Wentley, who ten years ago won from you at baccarat a large sum of money, which you very sensibly allowed him to return to you. I have not, of course, spoken about the matter to you or to anybody else since then, and possibly you have forgotten it.

During these ten years my own fortunes have ebbed in somewhat uncomfortable fashion, and I am left now almost penniless. Moreover, Fate has been so unkind as to cause me to fall in love with a young girl, who has also been so rash as to fall in love with me. I am extremely anxious, therefore, to get some work out of England, where we could both live quietly without entertaining; and a vacant post has just come to my notice in Uganda in connection with the new railway. The salary is £500 a year; the engineering work would suit me extremely well; and I am fortunate in remembering that your influence is almost paramount at the Colonial Office just now, and that a word from you would assure my getting the post.

This is about the first favour I have ever asked of anybody in my life, and in most cases I should be very nervous as to how it would be taken, but with you I feel able to hope for the best.

Remember me to Lady Eleanor Grahame, to whom you introduced me on that very disastrous night, and whose charming little note, sent to me on the following day, after you had told her of the incident, I still keep.—Sincerely yours,

JAMES WENTLEY.

Private.

DEAR SIR,—I am directed by Sir Harry Grahame to acknowledge the receipt of your letter asking him to use his influence regarding an appointment on the Uganda Railway.

The fact that, as you say, Sir Harry Grahame's influence would be paramount in such a matter compels him, of course, to use it with extreme care; and I am directed to say that he regrets in this case being unable to exert it on your behalf. Sir Harry feels sure you will understand, with regard to a large financial scheme of this description, that the most rigid carefulness and exactitude in money matters is imperative, and that the scene where you and Sir Harry last met not only does not justify him in using his influence for your benefit, but would place him in a serious position with the directors and with the Colonial Office if anything went wrong and the truth about his recommendation became known.

Sir Harry Grahame read with some slight surprise, and, he hopes, with a mistaken view of its meaning, your concluding paragraph with regard to a letter written to you by Lady Eleanor Grahame. Such a suggestion as you appear to make is always best dealt with promptly; and I am directed to say that if you have any idea of obtaining money from Sir Harry Grahame by threatening to show Lady Eleanor Grahame's letter to friends, you would do well to abandon the scheme at once. Sir Harry is perfectly indifferent as to whether the whole story is told to the world or not.—Faithfully yours,

J. F. FATHERSTONE.

THE END.



THE LITTLE GIRL (after making a careful inspection of the Curate): What a funny collar you've got on. It hasn't got any button.

THE CURATE: Er—well, you see, my dear, it fastens at the back.

THE LITTLE GIRL: Well, you haven't got any buttons on your waistcoat.

THE CURATE: Oh, yes, I have. It fastens down the side, you see.

THE LITTLE GIRL: Can you dress yourself?

DRAWN BY MALCOLM PATTERSON.



WORLD'S WHISPERS.

EACH year generally sees published some volume of reminiscences which makes a great sensation. We have recently had the Hohenlohe Memoirs: now we are promised Dr. Carl Peters's Recollections, and it is said by those who have had a glimpse of them that they will cause much comment. Dr. Peters is by far the most noted of German colonists and explorers, and it is thanks to him, in a measure, that the present German Emperor owns so much of East Africa. Some ten years ago, Dr. Peters fell out of favour with the German authorities and left the official service of his country; but he has gone on with his explorations, and in his book he will tell the true story of his life and of his misunderstandings with the German Government. Dr.

Peters will publish his memoirs simultaneously in German and in English.

A Salvationist Diplomat.

The diplomatic world now boasts of a Salvationist in its exclusive and haughty circle, for the new Swedish Minister to America, Count Lagercrantz, has been a follower of General Booth for the last twenty years, and as a Salvation Army officer he has done fine work in the slums of Stockholm. Both King Oscar and his pious Queen are great admirers of the Salvation Army, and accordingly they found nothing strange in Count Lagercrantz's action. On the contrary, he has long been one of the King's most intimate personal friends, and for some time he managed one of the royal estates. The Countess, who also belongs to the Court world, shares her husband's religious views, and was already a Salvationist when he married her. The distinguished couple, who always wear the Salvation Army uniform, will form a most interesting addition to Washington society.

A Frugal Future Emperor.

It used to be said that the bestowal of a peerage on a commoner meant that the latter would henceforth have to pay at least fifty per cent. more for the necessities of life than he did when he was plain esquire! Royal personages naturally suffer most from this very practical form of tribute to their greatness. The future German Emperor, however, does not see why he should pay through the nose, even if he is Crown Prince—and so a certain restaurateur recently discovered to his cost. His Imperial Highness, coming back from a shooting expedition, had occasion to lunch at one of the smaller railway stations near Prague, and had presented to him a bill for 160 kronen. The Imperial luncher paid up like a man, but a

few days later the restaurateur was curtly informed by the railway authorities that he would be deprived of his licence, as he had overcharged the Crown Prince for his meal. It should be added that the worthy innkeeper, nothing daunted, made out a very good case for himself. He pointed out that the apparently "impromptu" lunch meant repainting the refreshment-room, the purchasing of new coats for the waiters, and the provision of new silver. If that was so, his little bill was surely not so very extravagant after all.

Twenty Years After.

Mr. Tree's appearance in Berlin is timed for the twentieth anniversary of another great British triumph in the Prussian capital. It was a triumph following an abject failure. Sullivan had been invited to produce his "Golden

Legend" at the Royal Opera House, and went, less mindful of the details as to performers than Mr. Tree has been. There was a tremendous house: all the German Royalties were there, as well as Prince and Princess Christian to represent our own Royal Family. The result was terrible: the performers were quite unequal to the work. The heroine of the piece was, if possible, worst of all—a light Italian soprano who, apparently from nervousness, could not manage her part at all. Everybody sympathised with the composer, and he, taking his courage in both hands, determined to have a repeat performance. Madame Albani flew to the rescue upon his appeal. She sang superbly, and in the "Christe Eleison" created a perfect furore. German critics, who before had been kind, but had sadly shaken the head, were now enthusiastic, and in every particular the triumph was complete. Mr. Tree is on sure ground; he has his talent ready first time.

A COUNTESS WHO HAS WEDDED A HUNGARIAN GIPSY MUSICIAN. COUNTESS ILONA FESTETICS.

The Countess Ilona is a kinswoman of Count and Countess Tasilo Festetics, with whom, it is said, the King is to stay in Hungary.

of which, Count Tasilo Festetics, our Sovereign is so intimate, has just made a most romantic alliance. Though actually engaged at the time to a nobleman, she fell in love at first sight with the first violin of a Tsigane orchestra at Oldenburg. Now, Tsigane is another name for Hungarian gipsy; accordingly, the greatest excitement prevailed in the Dual Kingdom, and at the formal betrothal all the gipsies of the neighbourhood were entitled to be present. The Countess Ilona is the daughter of one of the most beautiful women ever seen in Austria.

A Romantic Countess.

The Countess Ilona Festetics, a member of the famous Hungarian family with the head of which, Count Tasilo Festetics, our Sovereign is so intimate, has just made a most romantic alliance. Though actually engaged at the time to a nobleman, she fell in love at first sight with the first violin of a Tsigane orchestra at Oldenburg. Now, Tsigane is another name for Hungarian gipsy; accordingly, the greatest excitement prevailed in the Dual Kingdom, and at the formal betrothal all the gipsies of the neighbourhood were entitled to be present. The Countess Ilona is the daughter of one of the most beautiful women ever seen in Austria.



TO WRITE A SENSATIONAL BOOK OF REMINISCENCES, DR. CARL PETERS.



SALVATIONIST AND TITLED DIPLOMAT: COLONEL COUNT LAGERCRANTZ, OF THE SALVATION ARMY.

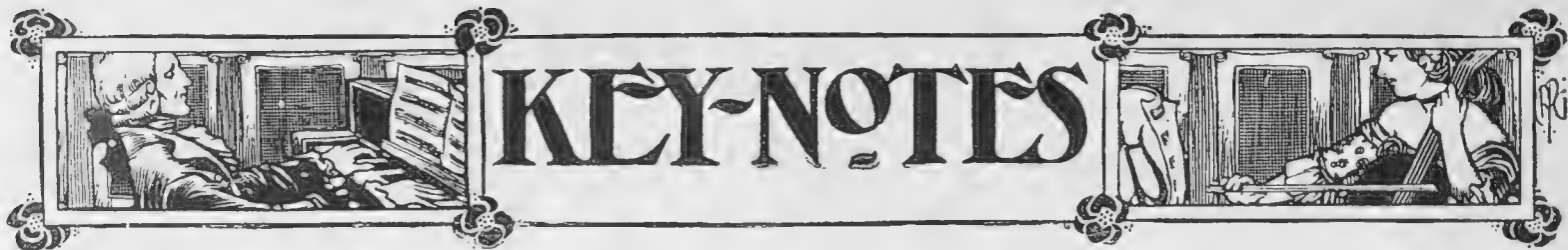
The Count has been one of General Booth's followers for the past twenty years. He is now Swedish Minister to America.

Photograph by Rosen.



VICTIM OF THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCES FRUGALITY? THE RESTAURATEUR WHO IS SAID TO HAVE OVERCHARGED HIS IMPERIAL HIGHNESS.

The restaurateur served the Crown Prince and his suite with luncheon, and presented a bill for 160 kronen (about £16). This was paid, but the Crown Prince lodged a complaint with the authorities, and the restaurateur lost his position.



THE announcement that the concerts of the Joachim Quartet have been postponed has been received with universal regret by all music-lovers. The illness of Dr. Joachim, to which the decision was due, is fortunately not one that gives rise to any alarm; but he has been ordered to take a complete rest for some weeks in the South. He was seized with an attack of influenza in

Vienna a few weeks ago. Another distinguished violinist, Señor Sarasate, has also been ill lately, but is now reported to be convalescent.

M. Maurel's concert at Queen's Hall on Friday promises several features of exceptional interest, and the programme of operatic excerpts is chosen with special skill. Besides M. Maurel himself, the artists to appear include Signor Caffetto, Mme. Palo, and Miss Betty Callish. Both these ladies have been on the stage, but are leaving it for music, and have been studying with M. Maurel. Another interesting début is that of Leopold Lustig, a very young violinist, at Mr. Pester D'Pestkovsky's concert at the Æolian Hall on Monday. He is a little over thirteen years old, but has played all his life, beginning on a violin bought by his father for two-and-ninepence. His talent was first discovered by Professor Kiesewetter, of



A NEW PRODIGY: MASTER LEOPOLD LUSTIG, WHO IS UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF WILHELMJ, AND IS TO PLAY IN LONDON.

Master Lustig, who is patronised by Wilhelmj, was brought to this country by his parents when he was about a year old, and his first violin was purchased from a stall in the East End for 2s. 9d. He has played almost from babyhood, and to Professor Kiesewetter, of Leipzig, belongs the credit of having discovered his talent. He has already met with much success in Germany.

Leipzig. He was practically self-taught till he became the pupil of Professor Wilhelmj, who has such a high opinion of the boy's gifts that he allowed him to call himself "Lustig-Wilhelmj" when he gave concerts on the Continent last year.

We shall have two opportunities of hearing Herr Nikisch in the next few days. On Saturday he conducts a concert of the London Symphony Orchestra, at which the programme includes Brahms' Fourth Symphony—a work which would seem at first sight to be quite alien to his temperament—Schubert's "Unfinished," and some Wagner excerpts. On Tuesday evening he conducts the Sheffield Choir in a performance of the Ninth Symphony. At the same concert the Coronation Mass of Dr. Charles Harriss will be given. Dr. Harriss will be remembered as the prime mover in the series of festival concerts in Canada which Sir A. C. Mackenzie conducted in 1904, and as the organiser of the Canadian Concert at Queen's Hall last summer, at which his cantata, "Pan," was performed. He is trying to arrange for a tour of the London Symphony Orchestra in Canada. On Thursday there will be a Symphony Concert of the Queen's Hall Orchestra, at which Herr Kreisler will play Beethoven's Concerto, and Mr. Percy Pitt's "Sinfonietta," which was produced at the last Birmingham Festival, will be played for the first time in London.

Signor Cilea, whose new opera, "Gloria," was to have been produced at Milan on Monday last, is known here only by his

"Adriana Lecouvreur," but has composed several other operas, and this new work was anticipated with great interest. Another opera which will give rise to a great deal of speculation is the "Marcella" of Signor Giordano, the composer of "Andrea Chenier" and of "Fedora." This, however, will not be given till next autumn. Signor Puccini's new opera, based on Pierre Louys' "La Femme et le Pantin," which is to have the title "Conchita," will not be produced before next year, and it is the composer's present intention that it shall first see the footlights at Covent Garden. The only opera not by an English composer which has had its first performance at Covent Garden within recent years is Massenet's "La Navarraise," but that was not nearly as important as Puccini's work promises to be. It will be a new experience for us to feel that London is for the time being the one place on which the eyes of the whole musical world are fixed. Londoners as a whole, will, we may be sure, take the honour calmly.

As a rule the mentions of music in the novels and dramas of the day provoke an indulgent smile, but the treatment of music in Mr. Locke's "Palace of Puck," at the Haymarket, shows signs of a real understanding on the part of the author. Playgoers will know that the composer Riadore quarrels with Rhodanthe because she snored when he played one of his compositions to her. Many people will no doubt think that is an exaggeration; but musical history gives support to Mr. Locke's views. It was at one time believed that the estrangement between two persons no less eminent and serious than Brahms and Liszt was due to the fact that Brahms had fallen asleep on one hot summer's afternoon when Liszt (who was his host at Weimar) played him his B minor Sonata. It is well to be precise in matters of history.

The story was violently disputed by the admirers of Brahms, who said, however (as, in effect, Mr. Locke's Rhodanthe does), that he would have been less, or more, than human if he had not; and the evidence is carefully discussed in Herr Kalbeck's monumental Life of Brahms. At any rate, the fact that the story should have been thought worthy of serious discussion proves that Mr. Locke was not abusing the legitimate privileges of the imaginative writer when he introduced the incident, but was, if anything, too realistic. He makes the pianist woo the lady of his choice by means of a Nocturne of Chopin; that is, perhaps, a little behind the age of motor-cars. The very advanced musician would, in such a case, probably choose something of Tchaikovsky, a selection from the second act of "Tristan," the love duet from "Die Walküre," or, better still, "Träume." But perhaps this is hypercritical, and Mr. Locke meant to convey that his Mrs. Podmore was untouched by the latter developments of civilisation, and was still in the Chopin stage of musical evolution,



AN ENGLISH GIRL TO ACT AT THE OPÉRA COMIQUE: MISS MAGGIE TATE.

Miss Tate, who is not yet seventeen, is to create the rôle of Glycère in "Circe," at the Opéra Comique, Paris. She is a pupil of Jean de Reszke, was born in London, and has just played with much success in Monte Carlo in "Daphne et Marianne."

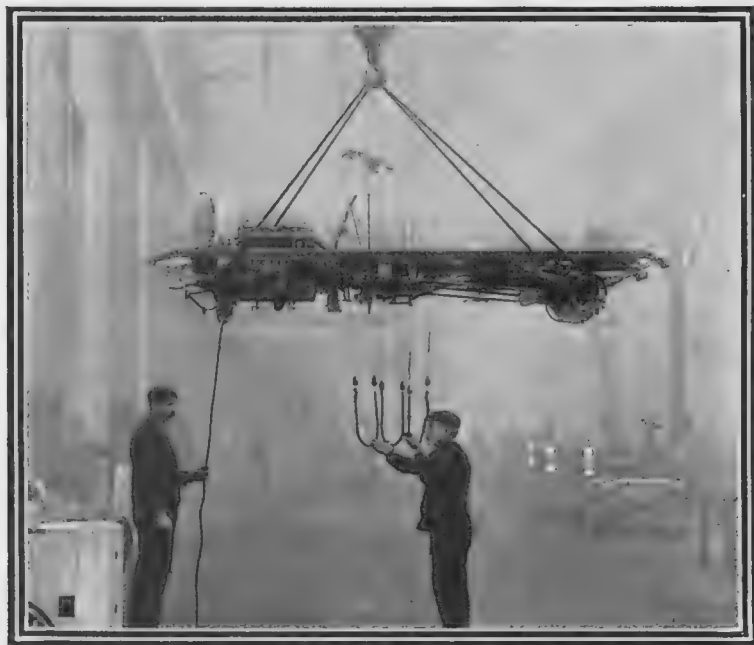
Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

COMMON CHORD.



AUTOMATIC TYRE-INFLATORS—THE MOTOR UNION BADGE—ROUND V. SQUARE TREADED TYRES—"ONE-PEDAL CONTROL"—DUST.

PERHAPS the most exasperating and back-breaking job in connection with an automobile is pumping up a pneumatic tyre on a hot or, indeed, on any day. Only those who run and tend their own cars know and realise the slavery of the task. Much praise is therefore due to the worthy men who come to the rescue with a perfect, convenient, and easily applied apparatus to ease poor humanity of this irksome and exhausting labour. So all honour and much business to the introducers of "Parsons' Sparklet Inflators," the Parsons Non-Skid Company, Limited, of 175A, Manor Street, Clapham, S.W. The equipment vended under this title consists of two steel cylinders 24 in. long and 2½ in. diameter,



UP-TO-DATE HANDLING OF A CHASSIS: A TRAVELLING CRANE IN USE.

By means of the travelling crane shown in our photograph the chassis can be moved the whole length of the shop and raised and lowered at will to suit the requirements of the mechanics. The photograph was taken in the erecting shop of the Argyll Motors, Ltd., at Alexandria, near Glasgow.

weighing when full some 9 lb., the charge consisting of chemically pure CO₂ gas reduced to a liquid state by compression. The cylinders are closed with an automatic valve, which, when a flexible tube is screwed on, allows the contents of the cylinder to become gas and to pass in a gaseous condition to the interior of the tyre to be inflated. A pressure-gauge is connected up with the feed-tube, so that the supply of gas can be cut off when the necessary pressure within the inner tube is reached.

The diaphragms covering the safety outlet to the cylinders are regulated to blow off at 125 lb. per square inch, so that safety is absolutely insured. The gas given off from these cylinders is exactly the same as that used by the best manufacturers of aerated waters, and, being free from all mineral acids, has no bad effect upon the rubber of the inner tube. Indeed, it is claimed—and I am not chemist enough to gainsay the statement—that its freedom from oxygen makes it a more suitable medium than air for the inflation of pneumatic tyres. Each cylinder affords sufficient gas to inflate ten 870 mm. by 90 mm. tyres to a pressure of 80 lb. per square inch, and as spent cylinders can be exchanged for fully charged ones at motor dealers' stocking them, it is seen that the entire inflation of such tyres costs sixpence each—a small enough sum when the hard labour of pumping up a tyre of that size with a hand back-breaker is recalled.

Imitation is the sincerest flattery, and as the Motor Union have resolved to adopt a badge for attachment to the car, the Automobile Association, who did so at their inception, may feel complimented—or they may not. As all the world and the police know to-day, the A.A. adopted their now familiar badge of membership for a distinct and specific purpose, and that, that their members' cars might be recognised and served on the road by the large corps of active road-scouts that the A.A. keeps in commission. It is now suggested that the Motor Union and its affiliated clubs have succeeded in effecting most friendly relations with the public and the police—just how we are not told, but it is presumed that the

exhibition of a Motor Union badge will be of great service in securing the assistance and support of the authorities. Why?

Time was when, by reason of a theoretically formed opinion, I preferred round to square treaded tyres. It seemed to me then that, lacking non-skidding attachments, a round-section tread would push through the skin of mud on the road-surface and get hold more readily than the rectangular profile. But an ounce of practice, etc., and such practice I have enjoyed vicariously during the past few months. A friend of mine who every day and all day drives a high-powered Mercedes which he bought awhile since from Messrs. Ducros-Mercédès, Limited, of Long Acre, W.C., changed from round to square, and on this powerful car finds that the latter slip less, seldom if ever puncture, and wear at least twenty per cent. better than any others. In addition to the above points of excellence, I am sure that there is more comfort in Michelin square-treads. Of course, the material and construction are without reproach. The new non-skid Michelin is a further improvement also. The metal studs wear exceedingly well.

The Chenard-Walcker watchword, "one-pedal control," rather slipped my memory when I referred lately to the many excellent constructional points in this favourite car. I find I suggested that the withdrawal of the clutch closed the throttle, which latter organ was also hand-controlled. Herein I was in error, having in mind the Chenard-Walcker control of 1905. "One-pedal control" is, however, the Chenard-Walcker watchword for 1907. By the way, examples of these well-considered cars may be seen at the London show-rooms, 4, Percy Street, Tottenham Court Road.

The Easter of 1907 will be held remarkable for sunshine, puncture-yielding roads, and—dust. The clouds of fine grit thrown up by cars as they swept along the main roads out of town on Good Friday were nothing short of appalling. Small wonder indeed if the other users of the highway rise up and call cars accursed. There is, I know, much outcry with regard to the material of which our roads are made; but while awaiting the millennium of perfect road-surfaces, there is much to be done to the lines of the under-aprons of our cars. That a fifty per cent. reduction in the dust raised can be effected by attention to the form of aprons is amply



LUXURY FOR THE MOTORIST: A UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPH OF THE INTERIOR OF A MODERN MOTOR-CAR, SHOWING NUMEROUS SPECIAL FEATURES.

The back of the car had to be removed before our photograph could be taken. On the roofing is a ventilator (shown open), a hat and newspaper rack, and electric-light fittings. A special tube for communication with the driver is fitted. All the windows open and have blinds, while at the sides are arm-rests, ash-trays, and roomy pockets in the upholstery of the doors. The small seats may be folded into a little space when necessary. One of the most interesting features of the interior is the ladies' cabinet, which contains, amongst other things, a watch, a manicure set, scent-sprays, pin-cushions, hair and clothes brushes, diary, memorandum-books, cigarette-case, and match-boxes. On the floor is an automatic foot-warmer. The car was made by Argylls, London, Ltd.

proved by the comparative freedom from dust-throwing shown by the aptly termed "Dustless Spyker," a car of Dutch origin which has deservedly a pretty considerable vogue in this country.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

EPSOM—FUTURE EVENTS—CHEAPER TRAVELLING.

I WALKED the Epsom course the other day, and found the going simply perfect. The stands have just been painted in readiness for the Spring Meeting, and the rings are all looking spick-and-span. I noticed hundreds of golfers around Epsom, Tadworth, Burgh Heath, and Banstead, and I saw a fine run by the Banstead Drag-hounds. As many of the followers of the hunt changed horses, they must look for good sport as a rule. The Epsomites are still a sport-loving folk, and there are large strings of horses trained on the Downs, though many of the animals are nothing more than selling-platers. I have very often wondered why Lord Rosebery has never had his flat-racers trained at Epsom. He sends one or two jumpers to Willie Nightingall, but I should like to see him coaching a home-trained Derby winner. The gallops, thanks to the care bestowed on them by Mr. H. M. Dorling, are sound, and afford good going the year round, and the small fee charged to owners is well spent. Tadworth Park, hard by, is a capital schooling ground for steeplechasers, and it was there Ilex had his jumping practice previous to his winning the Grand National. The late Lord Russell of Killowen, who lived at Tadworth, was very fond of watching the horses at work, and he often took an early stroll on the Downs at race times before breakfast to do a bit of touting on his own account. He did the same at Newmarket and at Ascot, and it is therefore little matter for wonder that so good a judge always regretted having missed the opportunity of buying Bendigo at something less than £200!

In my wanderings over the country of late I have learned a few items of interest touching on events to be decided in the near future. I am told that Sam Darling was never so confident of winning the

is backward, and will not run for the Guineas. Indeed, he may be saved for Ascot, as he is not to be hurried in his preparation. The Newmarket touts all argue that Baltinglass is a good thing for the Guineas. Slavetrader is very likely to start favourite for the City and Suburban, but I like Dean Swift for this race, as he runs so well over the Epsom course. I have heard from a friend living in Paris that M. Euphrussi's Champ d'Or is walking-over for the race. He has won a good trial against Ob, who took the Lincoln Handicap so easily. Ulysses, who missed an engagement in the Queen's Prize, is fancied for the Great Metropolitan. Leader has this horse to his liking at last, and if he can take the Epsom turns easily he may go very close indeed, although I am told that Taylor will have something very warm for this race. Nightfall, who showed by being second to Bridge of Canny at Kempton that she had become acclimatised, is well in the Chester Cup, in which race Spate, who won the November Handicap

at Manchester, will not want for backing if fit on the day. As usual, the Jubilee Handicap, to be run at Kempton on May 11, will be a big speculating medium. Polymelus is to be specially saved for the race, and, according to the present arrangements, Polar Star is a certain starter. Polymelus is called upon to give Velocity 10 lb., which will take some doing if Mrs. Jackson's horse is fit; while the top weight may have all his work cut out in giving 28 lb. to Polar Star. Sam Darling is often dangerous here, and as he has the choice of four, his best should be worth backing. Ramrod and Hammurabi may be seen out at Epsom. I do not think that Keystone II. will run, as the horse has good engagements at Ascot and at the Epsom Summer Meeting.



CARRIAGES WITH OUTRIDERS FOR TRIPPERS: A FAMILIAR SIGHT AT SCARBOROUGH.

The landaüs have outriders instead of the orthodox driver, and can be hired in the usual way. The introduction of public motor vehicles threatens them with extinction.

Photograph by W. H. Knowles.



A RARE BAG: THE SEAL SHOT IN THE KIEL CREEK BY DR. JAMES HOWALDT.

The usual bag obtained by sportsmen in the Kiel Creek consists of wild fowl, and it is seldom indeed that a seal is killed. Dr. Howaldt shot his quarry from a steamer. It weighed 450 lb., and belonged to the largest known species of its kind.

fall and that clerks of courses must be prepared to play up to the gallery. One thing I do maintain is that certain railway charges should be greatly reduced, and the companies should be induced to grant tickets for the return journey at a fare and a quarter for all classes. Full trains could always be run at a profit at the price quoted. I do not believe in disorganising

the ordinary traffic to assist the race traffic, and this need not be done to any serious extent if the races are set at times convenient to the railway traffic.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



THE EGYPTIAN CENTRE OF THE SPORT OF KINGS: THE TURF CLUB, CAIRO.

Derby as he is with Slieve Gallion, who has developed into a stayer and can go fast. The colt has been ridden in his work of late by Higgs, who fancies his chance very much for Epsom. According to present arrangements, Slieve Gallion will not be started for the Two Thousand Guineas. His Majesty's smart colt, Perambulator,

WOMAN'S WAYS.

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Crime of Mr. Chesterton.

Ever since Mr. Chesterton first dazzled the town with that surpassingly brilliant booklet "Twelve Types," I have sat at his feet and caught the crumbs which fall in such profusion from his literary table. Yet now it appears that even the youngest of our essayists is not infallible, and I begin to suspect the author of the latest Life of Dickens of the crime of generalisation. Now no striking history or biography was ever written in which the author did not generalise. Froude is a case in point, and he will be read when more precise authors lie dusty on the shelf. But the biographer or historian must be careful in the use of his dangerous literary weapon when writing of modern times. He may generalise about Queen Elizabeth when he cannot generalise about Charles Dickens. He must not say, as Mr. Chesterton does, that his hero "fell in love with a whole family of lovely girls, and afterwards married the eldest of them," when the sons and daughters of that hero are still alive. I have it on the authority of Mr. Henry Dickens, K.C., that his father committed no such turpitude. When the immortal author of "David Copperfield" was introduced to the Hogarth family, his future wife was eighteen, but the rest of the sisters were in the schoolroom or the nursery, and therefore "he could not have fallen in love with them." Yet, on reflection, one wonders if both Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Henry Dickens may not be right. Charles Dickens was a devoted admirer of children all his life. He has drawn the most exquisite and poignant pictures of little people, and the genius who remained in touch with the smallest urchin to the end of his days might well have lost his heart to the whole bunch of rosy girls in Mr. Hogarth's nursery as well as to the charming lady who became his wife.

The Nuisance of Nursery Games.

The nursery game as an after-dinner amusement would seem to be popular in America, but heaven forbid that it should ever reach these shores. To imitate birds and animals, to quack, to neigh, and to croak in tail coats or low frocks may be vastly diverting to a certain order of mind, but the stolid islander may well wish, like Dr. Johnson in a like case, that it were impossible. To begin with, the stolid islander performs such antics with a bad grace. He does not enjoy making a fool of himself, and that is why no home-bred Englishman ever made a good leader of cotillions. An American or a Frenchman does not mind looking absurd before a roomful of women, creeping on all fours, jumping through paper hoops, or imitating the agile chamois over the furniture. But unless he is out of doors at a gymkhana the Briton does not frolic gracefully. His dress-suit is as austere a covering as a suit of armour to a mediæval knight. His white tie is his *panache*, and his motto, after eight in the evening, "I die, but I do not unbend." Such being our insular characteristics, let us pray that

no misguided attempts will be made to introduce the Transatlantic nursery game as an aid to digestion. Let bridge and conversation—such as it is—be our after-dinner pastime as of old.

Popular Persians.

Father Bernard Vaughan has got all the advertisement he could have aspired to in his wildest dreams by attacking the prevailing adoration of pets. Most people nowadays have got a cat or a dog to which they are profoundly attached, and it is a sign of modern tastes that men are often as fond of the luxurious, fluffy puss as old maids were wont to be. Cats, indeed, are in high favour as household pets, and it seems hard that the handsome, honest mouser should be grudging a happy home when he does so much to make it not only habitable, but cosy and beautiful. A fat, furry person, with unfathomable eyes, purring on your hearth, or even stretched on your best sofa, is at once an object of beauty and a soothing friend. The late Walter Pater once admitted to me that a favourite cat "repaid one with so much confidence"; and this, indeed, is a charming characteristic of the feline pet which those who are intimate with them can alone appreciate.

Alcohol and the Woman.

The boisterous controversy at present raging on the subject of alcohol concerns women-folk intimately, for it is they who are the first to suffer when men look too long on the wine when it is red. A diet exclusively of alcohol has also a most deleterious effect on feminine persons, though, apparently, judging from their spirited repartees in the police-court, it has no effect on their sense of humour. Certain eminent sociologists go so far as to declare that drink is a vice which must not be discouraged by the State, as it eliminates the unfit in the swiftest and surest way; but this is a form of cynicism which a high-minded and abstemious society will not tolerate. With regard to women and alcohol, it is obvious that while there seems to be a growing minority that suffers from the disease of dipsomania in an acute form, there is an overwhelming

majority that drinks mostly tea or mineral-waters. Compared with ten or fifteen years ago, the tendency is striking. Then it was the exception for a well-bred woman to be a teetotaler; now it is well-nigh the rule. The amount of water consumed in London ladies' clubs would fill a reservoir. Young girls at dinners and dances rarely touch wine, and a hostess who gives boy-and-girl entertainments assures me that she only orders champagne for the young men. It is a curious fact that spinsters of all ages and all sizes are usually abstainers, or strictly moderate drinkers of the convivial cup. Whether the married state is conducive or not to dipsomania is a moot point, but it is certain that the largest number of victims to the disease are wives or widows.



A SEASONABLE WRAP.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see "The Woman-about-Town" page.)

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

LONDON never looks so well as in April and May. An epidemic of spring cleaning leaves our buildings fresh and dainty, the finishing touches of flower-filled window-boxes imparting a harmoniously festive air to the residential streets and squares. The trees are every day getting greener and greener. In the parks one collection of spring flowers succeeds another, and the emerald-like turf looks fresh and soft, resting every pair of eyes that look upon it. The shop-windows display the new season's things, and, consciously or unconsciously, it is borne in upon us that the world is awakening, all-youthful, vigorous, and optimistic from its winter's rest. I always think that if one wanted to impress foreign friends with this our beloved city, spring would be the time to show it to them. As things were last week London compared favourably with some parts of the country, where the dust swallowed up everything. One wondered how the hedgerows were to bud: they, and the trees and shrubs in the vicinity of main roads, had a curious bare, white, mid-winter look—being smothered in chalky, sandy dust—strangely at variance with the springlike feeling in the air and the abundant, genial sunshine. Driving or walking was pleasant only in the lanes and byways; on all main roads the pedestrian, occupant of horse-drawn conveyance, or cyclist was enveloped in dust.

Spring cleaning has none of the horrors it once had for the harassed house-mistress. One doesn't have to have papers taken down and walls scraped and endure for weeks a mild version of the abomination of domestic desolation. From these evils we have been rescued by Hall's Sanitary Washable Distemper. When one can have the prettiest mural decorations possible, seventy distinct tints to choose from for the walls themselves, and heaps of beautiful stencil designs for friezes there is no excuse for want of beauty. Also, as the distemper is washable, one can indulge in light shades so bright and cheerful to contemplate and so easily lighted up for city houses, so fresh and dainty for the country.

The mushroom hat as worn on the Riviera this year by French-women shadows none of the charms of brow or coiffure. It is set on the back of the head and shades the back of the neck like a sailor's sou'-wester. The pretty waved coiffure and the face are unshaded save by a parasol. Englishwomen adopt this way of wearing the mushroom hat less whole-heartedly—or perhaps I should say, less whole-headedly; they wear the hair high and the hat poised slightly back on it. In this way they gain the double advantage of some little shade for the eyes, and have nothing to obscure the setting of the head and its carriage—usually a good point of the average Englishwoman.

The coming season promises to be a good one for entertaining, and will consequently be one of fashionable reunion at the Opera. The long summer nights of our London season leave a gap between dinners and dances most fitly and delightfully filled in by an hour and a half at the Opera. Here one sees and is seen, one hears and is not required to talk—consequently it is rest and quiet enjoyment, a very necessary interlude in the evening life of men and women who begin at 8 p.m. and go on till 2 a.m., with half-a-dozen engagements at least each day as well. No doubt, there will be a command performance for the visit of the King and Queen of Denmark. The habitués of the Opera find that, in the matter of ornament, she must have variety. The Parisian Diamond Company is a great help to secure this effectively and beautifully without great demands on the purse.

In the newest dresses and short, smart coats, a feature is made of soft draperies ending in points, often finished with tassels. There are, for instance, points of soft silk like the dress over the sleeves of lace or embroidery, while folds over the shoulders finish with points and tassels falling over a deep yoke of lace. Even on skirts, long points are often seen either in trimming or in lace over the material, and finished with tassels. Points seem to be the only acceptable alternative from stripes. The galateas in striped grey and grey-blue and in cream colour and brown are having a considerable vogue. They are fresh and pretty for spring wear.

A new neck ornament for evening is a strand of black tulle tied under the chin in a neat little bow. At each end is a dear little diamond tassel depending from a cup of gold studded with diamonds, and having a fringe of small diamonds. The effect is charming and the idea new. All the jeweller has to do is to fashion the tassels. The tulle is easily sewn into them. For day wear the Marquis cravat of a number of lace plaitings overlapping each other finds much favour. The severe tailor-built and tailor-shirted girl is once more in evidence. The motor-car, golf, the seaside, and the country week-end have brought her again to the front. She will wear with her tailor-made suits the plainest and best cut of lawn or fine linen shirts, with turn-down collars and turned-up cuffs, all neat and taut; but for such suits the motto for shirts must be "Avaunt, frills!" The secret of success in dress is suitability first, then correctness in detail. Girls who will wear anything because it is fashionable run the risk of being like the holiday young persons who wear Watteau pleats and linen collars for al fresco tea in the Park!

GIANT FISH FROM "THE ANGLER'S PARADISE."

(See Double-Page Illustration.)

SOME of the largest salmon taken from the rivers and lochs of Scotland, and also in the streams and lakes of North-Eastern Canada, have been brought to land by women. And it must be admitted that angling as a woman's sport is growing in favour. But it is in California that the lady angler has particularly distinguished herself. Here she has landed fish weighing more than twice her own weight—veritable giants of the deep. These fish, too, have been caught with rod and line after fierce battles, lasting in some cases several hours.

Undoubtedly, the champion lady angler of the world, so far as big fish are concerned, is Mrs. Edward Nicolls-Dickerson, the wife of a prominent lawyer of New York. Last season, she won all four of the prizes offered to women by the Tuna Club, of Avalon, California, fishing with rod and reel in the Pacific off Catalina Island, which has appropriately been designated "the Anglers' Paradise." In winning the first prize for landing the largest giant mackerel, called "tuna," ever caught by a woman—weighing 216 lb.—she fought the fish for 2 hours 40 min. She also won the prize for the largest quantity of fish ever caught by a woman in a single day—666 lb. of black sea-bass, one of which weighed 336 lb. Her third prize was for beating the season's record of the best previous lady angler, and the fourth for catching the largest yellow-tail fish ever landed by man or woman.

In the same season she hooked a monster black sea-bass which turned the scale at 363 lb., and landed it in the fine time of 55 min. Although more of a giant so far as size and weight are concerned than the tuna, the sea-bass is not such a difficult fish to land. Naturally, its strength is enormous, but it does not possess the agility and dash of the tuna. The latter is rightly termed "the tiger of the sea." It is exceedingly crafty, and unless the angler is constantly on the watch, he is apt to lose his rod or get his line broken. The tuna will lie still for several minutes at a time, and then make fearful rushes in the form of a circle.

The biggest sea-bass ever landed by a woman was that caught by Mrs. G. W. Barratt, of Los Angeles. This monster weighed no less than 416 lb. It was 7 ft. 10 in. in length, and had a girth of 5 ft. 11 in. Mrs. Barratt had the fish on the line for 2 hours 15 min.

Until the year 1900 it was never deemed possible for a woman to take a tuna with the rod and line. Previous to this ladies had frequently secured them with hand-lines. This method consisted in running a launch through a school at full speed trolling a line behind it. The biggest tuna caught in this way by a member of the fair sex was that which fell a prey to Mrs. Walter Raymond, a beautiful and game fish that turned the scale at 130 lb., during the season of 1899. But in the opening of the season of 1900 Miss Olive Belle Clark landed with a rod and line a tuna that boasted of the respectable weight of 118 lb. The rules of the Tuna Club are that anyone who catches one of these fish that weighs 100 lb. or more is entitled to membership, and the officers of the club had no option but to enrol Miss Clark as a full-fledged member.

Scores of women have landed specimens of this tiger of the ocean of forty and fifty pounds in weight. Even a tuna of this size will fight for an hour, and is quite a strain upon a woman to bring to the boat's side to be gaffed or hooked.

Those who like to see their children at once well and daintily shod may be recommended to consult Messrs. Daniel Neal and Sons, Limited, 68-70, Edgware Road, London. They are specialists in such footgear, and take as their motto, "Foot-Comfort from Infancy to Old Age." They have, among other facilities for their customers, a country-order department, and they are also willing to send goods on approval against two London trade references. They have likewise a self-measuring form, particulars of which are given in their fully illustrated list, which will be sent post free on application. Among the firm's specialties are shoes with ankle-straps, first-step boots with low legs, sandals, walking and garden shoes, indoor shoes, dancing sandals, evening shoes, and boys' boots and shoes. The excellence of Messrs. Neal's workmanship has done much to bring their goods popularity.

On the occasion of the Folkestone Steeplechases, on Monday, April 15, the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway will run a special club train leaving Charing Cross at 11.10 a.m., Waterloo 11.12 a.m., London Bridge 11.17 a.m., first class only, including admission to the course and reserved enclosure, 20s.; not including admission, 8s. A special train, third class only, return day fare, 6s. (including admission to the course), will leave Charing Cross 10.40 a.m., Waterloo 10.43 a.m., London Bridge 10.50 a.m., and New Cross 11 a.m.



DAINTY FOOT WEAR FOR BABY.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on April 24.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"ALL we want is a little quiet, unexciting time, with prices on the steady up-grade."

Our Stroller's broker spoke with a world of conviction in his tone, and went on signing carry-over contracts.

His client smilingly told him that for prices to go on the steady up-grade was all the average man demanded.

"Some of them like rises quicker than that," replied the broker, without looking up. "Here's this man"—and he held out a contract, face downwards—"says he loves to deal in Bays for the rapidity with which the price moves."

"Bull or a bear?" inquired our inquisitive friend.

"Bull. He's a strong believer in Bays, but nips in and out; takes a few pounds a share profit wherever he sees it."

"That's the way to make money," was the envious comment.

"Worst of it is that you're liable to get hit for a sharp loss sooner or later, and away go all your carefully gathered profits."

"I suppose so. But Bays—"

"Buy them. Even to carry over they are worth having."

"Shall I have ten or twenty for 'new go,' eh? You might get them for me please."

"Good, Sir. Aren't these Canadas expensive things to carry over! I wonder anybody—"

"It doesn't matter whether a man pays six or sixteen per cent. if the prices of his shares move fast."

"No; there is that about it. But it goes sorely against the grain to pay seven per cent. on Yankees."

"They told me the other day that brokers had been let in badly by clients last pay-day."

"I know one firm that was out of a hundred thousand pounds on clients' differences."

"And the jobbers?"

"I know certain people who took over a number of weak accounts last contango-day, and, owing to the working of our Clearing House, found themselves let in for a double dose of loss when the Official Assignees dropped on them."

"That's rather rough!"

"'Rough' isn't the word for it. Of course, it's rather amusing to the outsider, but the jobbers themselves—"

"What about Yankees?"

"I divested myself of the prophet's robe after that slump in Unions."

"You should have invested yourself, or your money, in the shares on the break."

"Maybe some of us did have a few."

"You might have bought me some."

"My dear Sir, it was a pure toss-up; an absolute gamble."

"Not after that heaviest fall, surely?"

"Well—oh, I don't know. It was a funny time altogether. We none of us quite knew what might happen. Come along."

"Is all the alarm over now?"

"Most of it. It will all be if we get over this settlement without failures."

The air in the street was pleasant and balmy. Some few dealers lingered in the lap of the Kaffir Circus.

"It's a curious thing," observed one man, with his back to the tobacconist's, "it's a curious thing how bullishly everyone talks of Kaffirs."

"Even in the Yankee Market you hear the same polite sentiments," replied another.

"Wonder if there's anything in it?"

"I wouldn't sell Kaffirs now," a third remarked; "and I'm not at all sure—"

Our Stroller said to his broker that they had heard very much the same sort of talk before, and without its leading to any Kaffir boom.

"The place is full of this Kaffir tip, though," the Broker returned. "Can't make it out quite, but everyone you meet tells you to have a few Kaffirs."

"Of course the industry is settling down more," they overheard a dealer say. "This Government won't do anything to upset the Labour business, and you can be dead cert. that the Boer party isn't going to land the country in a policy of financial suicide."

"We are like the audience eagerly looking at an empty stage," remarked another: "all on the tiptoe of expectation for the band to strike up and the play to commence."

"Rotten simile! The work has commenced, though the play hasn't. And the music, as represented by dividend—"

"Come along," said the broker. "I want a cup of tea badly."

He led Our Stroller into a daintily furnished room in a building up a side court. The hangings were of heliotrope and pale green; daffodils bloomed on the walls, on the tables, everywhere. There were really comfortable lounges, a few pictures, *The Sketch*, and graceful maidens who brought tea and cakes.

"Am I in the City?" demanded our friend, as he looked round the little rooms and knocked down a couple of tables. "Can Lyons flourish when—"

"That's one of the things I was going to talk to you about," said the broker.

And when they came out, the latter had orders to buy fifty Breads and fifty Lyons for investment only.

COMMONWEALTH OILS.

The shareholders of the Commonwealth Oil Corporation received last month the satisfactory intelligence that 18½ miles of the new railway being built to connect the Company's property with the New South Wales Government Railway have been completed. As the total length of the new line is only 27 miles, it may be assumed that the completion of the whole railway is now a matter of weeks rather than months, and when once it has been built shareholders will begin to reap the reward of their long period of waiting, and the money which is being spent in order to bring the Company to the producing stage.

Altogether erroneous ideas as to this Company seem to be prevalent in certain quarters, and it may be well to recapitulate here some of the main facts in connection with it and its prospects. The shale seam in the Wolgan Valley in New South Wales has long been known as the richest and most extensive in Australia, although its full value and size were not realised until its development before and since the formation of the Corporation. It may now be taken as demonstrated that the Company possesses millions of tons, "more than sufficient for the needs of the present generation," of this oil shale, which has been found to average over eighty gallons of crude oil to the ton. What this means in the way of profits can best be realised by comparing it with the results obtained by the Scottish Shale Companies, many of which are paying very large dividends. An interesting series of articles has appeared recently in one of your contemporaries on the oil industry of Scotland, from which I will quote a few figures. The latest figures available are those for 1904. "During that twelve months the quantity of shale distilled was 2,709,000 tons, and the crude oil produced was about 63,900,000 gallons. The marketable products obtained by distillation and refining were as under: Naphtha, 2,500,000 gallons; illuminating oil, 16,900,000 gal ons; gas oil, 37,000 tons; lubricating oil, 39,000 tons; wax, 22,000 tons; and sulphate of ammonia, 49,000 tons, the total products being approximately estimated at a value of £2,000,000." It will be seen from the above figures that the Scottish shales produced an average of about 24 gallons of crude oil to the ton. As regards the profits I may quote from another passage. "Whereas with the older type of retorts, a shale had to yield 30 gallons of crude oil per ton in order to be profitable, with the new retorts and the increased yield of ammonia and fuel gas, a shale furnishing 20 gallons per ton is remunerative." Now if it be borne in mind that the shale at Wolgan goes 80 gallons to the ton, and that the price of oils in Australia is much higher than in this country, it will be understood why the directors and others are sanguine as to the Company's prospects.

In addition to the profits to be derived from distillation of the shale, another source of revenue will be the export of the raw material. This richer shale, which is sold for gas-enrichment purposes, will be exported in large quantities, and running as it does up to 140 gallons of oil to the ton, can be sold at a very large profit. Quantities of this export shale have been accumulated during the process of development, and is awaiting carriage by the railway directly the line is completed.

There need be no fear as to the demand for the Company's products. Australia imported last year 15,000,000 gallons of illuminating oil, 5,000,000 lb. of paraffin wax, etc. The Company enjoys, besides, the enormous advantage that its property lies in a country whose Government is prepared to protect a native industry against foreign trusts, etc., and, with this protection and its geographical advantage, there is nothing to fear from unfair competition. On the whole, the outlook for shareholders is a very rosy one. Q.

Saturday, April 6, 1907.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor," The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

CAPITUS.—(1) India 3½ per Cent., Cape of Good Hope 4 per Cent. stock, and London and North-Western Railway 4 per Cent. Preference 1902. (2) The New 5 per Cent. Debenture stock of the Buenos Ayres Great Western Railway or Inter-oceanic of Mexico Railway Debentures. (3) Yes. (4) Both will probably pay to buy and hold, though Unions are not the sort of thing we should care to have all our fortune in.

L.—We like Knight's Central, New African, and Randfontein the best of your Kaffirs, but all would probably rise together if the market improved.

J. P. A.—We sent you the wire as requested, but could not get it off until the morning of the 29th ult.

F. W. P.—Your letter was answered on the 4th inst. and remittance received with thanks.

X. Y. Z.—Yes.

REVEILLE.—We know nothing of them, but all such persons are unreliable. Names of brokers are never given in the paper. The following might suit: Maypole Dairy, Birmingham Small Arms, Vickers-Maxim, Commonwealth Oil, and River-Plate Gas.

ELSIE.—(1) The Australian Company has moved its office to 46, Castle Street. Can get no offer for Preference shares. No dividends can be paid till Debentures have been paid off and other debts satisfied. (2) The Waihi price in January varied from 8½ to 8¼, and is now 8¼ to 8½.

A. B.—The Foreign bonds you name are very good; we prefer Chinese Imperial Railway 5 per Cent. Loan and Mexican 5 per Cent. Loan, or Cuba Gold Bonds. The latter have the security of the United States behind them for all practical purposes.

V. R. G.—We think Missouri is the best speculative holding in the Yankee Market.

G. H. J.—The Company is doing a very large business; it hardly seems worth while to sell the Deferred shares at present price.

DUBIOUS.—The Railway depends on the future course of politics in Russia. You can judge as well as we can. Of the others we have no fancy for Nos. 3, 4, and 5, especially the first and the last. No. 2 should be sufficiently secured to cause no alarm.

DOUBTFUL.—We will make inquiries, and answer next week.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

The following may go close at Leicester: Melton Plate, Ortyx; Bottesford Handicap, Hard Tack; Durham Plate, Diary; Oadby Plate, Claudian; Spring Handicap, Gourd; Wigston Plate, Ta Ta. At Eglinton, Oroya may win the Irvine Plate and Scotch may capture the Bogside Handicap and Seisdon Prince the Scottish Grand National. There should be good sport at Newbury, where some of the following may go close: Open Steeplechase, Darine, Berkshire Hurdle, Given Up; Sefton Steeplechase, Whitechapel; Hunters' Hurdle Cup, Cassiobury Park; Compton Handicap, Blue Sand; Greenham Stakes, Knight of Tully; Marlborough Handicap, Ormeton; Newbury Spring Cup, Dalkeith; Thatcham Handicap, Pure Gold. At Hooton the Spring Steeplechase should be won by Prince Royal, and the April Hurdle Race by Whitechapel.

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"*The Tracer of Lost Persons.*" By Robert W. Chambers. (John Murray.)—"The Sweets of Office." By Violet Tweedale. (John Long.)—"Her Ladyship's Silence." By Marie Connor Leighton. (Cassell.)

TWO of the three new novels with which I have to deal this week may be described as one-man fiction. "The Tracer of Lost Persons" is avowedly of the class; "The Sweets of Office" is not, but belongs to it in effect.

Mr. Robert W. Chambers's work is decidedly magazine-made, but is none the worse for that. At least "The Tracer" is a new creation, his profession, as exercised in the instances detailed, a discovery. Nominally, Mr. Keen is a professional finder of human strays, an expert in the trade many an investigation-agency finds useful as a means of livelihood; in reality he is a benevolent gentleman with a superb system of espionage, who is never happier than when arranging the weddings of delightful young men and women who have little or no desire to marry unless they can light upon their ideals. Did he exist in reality the recently created clubs for eligibles would have no excuse for being. His methods are of the mildly Napoleonic order peculiar to the type of character to which he belongs, not impossible, but most improbable, and they are invariably successful. Many will follow his beneficent machinations eagerly; some may find in them a parody, or at least an exaggeration, of the Sherlock Holmes manner; few will deem them unentertaining. It is worth noting, perhaps, that Mr. Chambers has followed a fashion that is comparatively new, and rather misleading. His book is chaptered throughout in the usual way, yet is a series of short stories. Why this desire for disguise? The masquerade is evident. Can the publishers feel that the volume of short stories is less sought than the volume of a single theme?

If one may judge the demand by the supply, the political novel is not particularly popular at the moment. Yet there is often something about it that should give it a vogue, a probing of public personalities that should lend it savour in these days of curiosity-culture. Mrs. Tweedale is well aware that to introduce into a work of fiction a veiled form of one prominent in fact is to create interest, and this interest she has sought, somewhat audaciously, to ensure by the provision of Sir Grantley Selwyn, a brilliant young Liberal, born in

the political purple, whose principle in life is to sit on the crest of the wave, who does not mind "ratting" to attain that desirable position—

He thoroughly understood the art of personal advertisement; his plain, pert face was familiar through the medium of the illustrated papers to every household in the land. . . . Fearlessly he spoke out that which he didn't believe, and men told each other, whatever else Selwyn might be, at least he was honest. He was only thirty-four, yet he criticised men of sixty with an engaging frankness which his opponents termed "damned impudence," and his followers characterised as the courage of his opinions. . . . He knew what the twin master keys were which had unlocked for him the gates to success: absolute belief in self and the massive power of a great heredity behind him.

"The Sweets of Office," indeed, will stand or fall on Grantley Selwyn. There will be many who will fit the cap—and not upon themselves—and that alone is likely to bring the book favour. In addition, it may be said that Mrs. Tweedale writes with much ability, and that those who have to do with her chief character are, in many cases, well-nigh as engrossing as he himself. Grace Morland, utterly unselfish daughter of an utterly selfish father; Mark Hazlett, militant, but sane, Socialist; Lady Adela Selwyn, wife of Sir Grantley; and Anthony Falkingham are among the best: there is not an ill-drawn, not even a moderately drawn personage amongst them.

"Her Ladyship's Silence" is an excellent example of that serial-story writing at which Mrs. Marie Connor Leighton is an adept. As such it must be criticised, and as such it is almost beyond criticism. It is good, briskly and ingeniously handled melodrama, full of "situations" and capital "curtains," always effective. Its general tendency is made most evident by the publisher's comment upon it—"Mrs. Leighton has drawn upon episodes in real life, but with the art of the skilled novelist she has given them coherent form, throbbing with actuality. The suddenly conceived stratagem by which the hero, a peer of the realm, eludes the sleuth-hounds of the law, who (although mistaken) have evidence enough to bring him to the gallows; the loyal love for him of Adeline Trent; the villainy of Captain Fowell (his bad angel); the devotion of his friend, the Rev. Marcus Dane, make up a story which is tense, vivid, dramatic"—all of which is to say that the author has improved on life, made it coloured instead of plain, and so proved herself a true melodramatist: is it not the melodramatist's business to give coherent form to episodes, to make them throb with actuality! "Her Ladyship's Silence" appeals to the heart rather than the head, but it will assuredly be popular.

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